Circulation Last Week, 103,000.

SAMPLE COPIES Sent Free to any address.

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

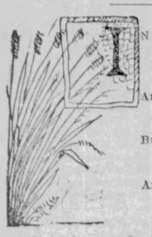
IS PAID [illegible] circular on [illegible] Toledo, Ohio.

The BLADE sends no Papers out except to Paid - in - Advance subscribers.

VOLUME LVII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1889. NUMBER 10.

Poetry.

THE OLD HOME.



IN the quiet shadows of twilight
I stand by the garden door,
And gaze on the old, old homestead,
So cherished and loved of yore,
But the ivy now is twining
Untrained o'er window and wall;
And no more the voice of the children
Is echoing through the hall.

Through years of pain and sorrow,
Since first I had to part,
The thought of the dear old homestead
Has lingered around my heart;
The porch embowered with roses,
The gables' drooping eaves,
And the songs of the birds at twilight
Amid the orchard leaves.

And the forms of those who loved me
In the happy childhood years
Appear at the dusty windows,
Through vision dimmed with tears,
I hear their voices calling
From the shadows far away,
And I stretch my arms toward them
In the gloom of the twilight gray.

But only the night winds answer,
As I cry through the dismal air;
And only the bat comes swooping
From the darkness of its lair.
Yet still the voice of my childhood
Is calling from far away,
And the faces of those who loved me
Smile through the shadows gray.

—*Arthur L. Salmon.*

A BLIGHTED ROMANCE.

A fair cashier at the desk did stand,
And wrote out a bill for a man near by;
He watched the pen in her snow-white hand,
And saw the amount with a great big sigh.

"A fine business hand; how I wish 'twere mine!"
The man with the writing like Greeley's said;
"If this is a serious offer, 'tis thine;"
He looked up surprised, and tumbled and fled.

—*G. E. Lefevre, in Puck.*

Our Story Teller.

A MISSING BRIDEGROOM

"ON'T laugh any more, Jake," said Ella, at the dishwashing.

"No," said Ellen, solemnly, "folks as is crossed in love can't laugh, yer know."

It was not to be wondered at that a gloom seemed to be settling over the Ayer domain.

This state of things continued for about a week, and we were becoming so hardened as to be able again to enjoy the continued lovely weather and to think occasionally of something beside the pall which Jake had cast over us. It is doubtless dreadful to be crossed in love, but life must still go on.

We were discussing this very subject in a calmly cheerful way, the twins being on an expedition for chips, when a stranger appeared in the doorway. At my first glance I was struck with her figure and port. She was large, she held her head well back, her features were modeled with the same large freedom, an eagle nose between well opened, handsome eyes, a mouth in keeping, she seemed a kind of rude, uncultured Zenobia. Here was an opulence of physical power and development that is rarely met. I had never seen any such woman before. She was colored, but her features were not like those belonging to the negro race.

DIS MR. AYER'S PLACE?

"I reckon dis Mr. Ayer's place, ain't it?" she asked.

When her question had been answered she said she reckoned she mought's well say ter wunst as she war er lurkin' 'roun' fur dat no 'count nigger, Long Black Jake.

I immediately felt, as I had not done before, that Jake must be a man of some consequence to have such a woman as this "lurkin' 'roun'" for him.

Mrs. Ayer acknowledged that Jake lived here, and she added that he had been very low in his mind of late.

The stranger smiled in a gratified way at the remark. Mrs. Ayer asked her to come in and sit down. She walked across the little room in a way that made the cabin seem so spacious that it might accommodate this empress-like being.

"Yes'm," said she, "I ain't no ways s'prised ter year Jake's low. He orter to be low. I jes' bundle him outer my house neck 'n' crap when he hear tell dars' time. I flung him out wid dis fist"—she held up a large, handsome hand. Then she laughed, and her laugh had a ring in it very unlike the husky, unctuous laugh which usually belongs to the African. Still she seemed somewhat anxious. She went on:

"Natch'ly he thought, I reckon, dat our ingagement war broke. I don't hev no doubt as er gen'l'man think of he are hustled out widout no ceremony, neck 'n' crap, as de ingagement be broke. Dat's nach'l, ain't it, ma'm?"

Mrs. Ayer replied that she thought it perfectly natural for any gentleman, under such circumstances, to conclude that the engagement was broken.

"And a few bones, too, perhaps," said Anabel.

The visitor stared at her a moment, then laughed again. It is very rare to find the common negro understand humor in the least unless it be of the broadest burlesque kind.

"Dere war a promise 'twixt us," said the woman, "but de time I flung him I had 'nother gen'l'man in view. Now de other gen'l'man done married yisterd'y, an' I'se come roun' ter 'gin my p'omise ter Jake. I feared I mought git er fall 'tween two stools if I warn spry 'bout huntin' yup Jake, yo' see, ma'am."

Certainly she had made her position perfectly clear. We wondered how Jake would like it. She went on to say that she should simply state to Jake that she made a mistake "flingin' him out dat time," and she was now ready for "mejit wedlock." She looked out of the window at the log cabin.

"Dat's war we gwine to live, I reckon? I c'n work for yo', Miss Ayer, an' Jake c'n work for Mr. Ayer. I ain't had no ole man fur er long time. Gwine on two years fur er long time. Gwine on two years sense my lars' ole man got tuk urp fur stealin' an' war jugged."

"Then you have a husband living?" cried Mrs. Ayer.

"No, ma'am. Dey say he died in prison. I ain't seen him die, but de news was brought ter me mighty straight, an' I ain't gwine to 'sputes such news as dat. 'Twouldn't be safe fur Bill to turn urp 'live ergin now. I reckon Bill know dat; he'll stay daid, Bill will. He warn bright, but he bright 'nough ter stay daid."

We were absorbed in looking at this woman, who sat erect and majestic in her chair as if she were on a throne.

"I call myse'f er widder," she'sed, "an' I should meck er pint ob havin' er minister marry us. Praps yo' got dat kindness in yo' heart dat yo'll let us hab de wedding hyar in dis house. Yo' see, I done give urp my room in Asheville dis mawnin' an' had my things moved to er cousin's. I war some back in my rent, an' some folks ain't no consideration fur er lady as is back in her rent. Dare is Jack now."

She was looking through the doorway as she spoke. She rose. Jake's long, drawn-out countenance changed to a look of wonder and then delight.

"Gawdermighty!" he cried out, is dat yo', Sally? Hab yo' come ter meck urp wid mid me, Sally?"

Sally was quite dignified. She allowed him to shake hands with her. He hastened to say he "hoped she'd 'scuse him fur 'bligin her ter trow him ou' de do' dad las' time he visited her in Asheville."

THEY WALKED TO THE CABIN.

They walked toward the log cabin together. Sally retraced her steps to mention that she hoped there would be no objection to having the wedding there, and that she should insist upon having a real minister. It was not much more than half an hour before Sally returned to us and Jake went to the wood pile and pretended to cut wood, but his ax flew very much at random and his eyes were on the house. He could see Sally through the window. This yellow woman had none of the negro slowness about her. She was shrewd, too, in taking her position for granted.

"Now, Miss Ayer," she said, standing with one hand on her hip and the other hanging down, her whole aspect one of strength and readiness, "I kin rerlieve yo' of all de hard work. I'm stronger'n mos' any man. I kin do ou' do' work or housework. I meck no bones er sayin' I kin do er smarter show in er day dan dat Jake. He's kinder triflin', he is. But I'll 'tend ter him. I ain't had an old man to train in some time. I'll train him. You'll see he toe de mark. I kin do all de washin' an' sookin'. Jes' likes not you'll let me hab er few mo' things in de cabin; on'y er a few mo', meck us mighty com'f'ble."

I think Mrs. Ayer must have felt as I did, that to have Sally to the fore in regard to work would be to have a host. I never saw any man or woman who gave such a sense of effectiveness. The very curve of that un-negro-like nose was a sort of guarantee.

Mrs. Ayer said she would take Sally.

"Yes'm," responded Sally promptly. "I'll see yo' ain't sorry for dem words. An' now, what time shall we sot for de wedd'n'? Dis em'nin 'bout 8! Dat'll give Jake time ter gwi ter Asheville, git'r a few tings and bring out der minister. He shi'l mock er soon start, shell we say 8, Miss Ayer?"

The lady laughed and assented. Sally's face was very pleasant to see as she said:

"I'll be grateful ter yo' de longes' day I lib, mighty grateful. Jake she'll be sont off'n no time."

It was true. Jake was seen going down the mountain toward the state road for Asheville in less than five minutes. He was walking. It is not much for us or twenty. Sally had just walked out from the town.

Having set things "er gwine," as she said, she took off her white apron and her sunbonnet. The removal of the latter showed her thick, wavy hair, with its threads of gray. She twisted a handkerchief round her head, pinned up her skirts and began setting to rights the log cabin where she was to live. She told Mrs. Ayer she would prepare the dinner in her own cabin and bring it down to us. She averred she was a "sure cook," and the dinner of chicken and pone and tomato okra soup and baked sweet potatoes, was served in such a way as to prove her words true. Nothing seems to fatigue her. She worked like a lion, only I believe lions do not work. She strode around, and "made things kinder whiz," the twins said.

Just before sundown she came to Mrs. Ayer and said she believed all was ready. She had brought a bundle with her from Asheville. She had a pink cambric, the one "she'd been married in de last time. She had kep' it so's she reckoned it would do ter be married in ergin' ef she could on'y hev er Mower pot ter hold in her hand. She believed it was er good sign fur de bride ter hev er flower pot. She hadn't had none when she married Bill."

It turned out that by a flower pot she meant a bouquet.

Having said this, she walked out with her grand step and left us to pluck the few chrysanthemums there were left blooming in the little wooden box at one of the windows. The sight of these had probably suggested her bouquet to her. I have never yet seen any member of the colored race who was backward about begging for what was wanted. The twins were sent out to glean evergreens from the mountain side; Ristus and the baby came, and Ristus helped to festoon this greenery until it seemed that we were anticipating Christmas. We were quite bowery. When Sally came in at dusk her yellow eyes glowed with joy as she looked about. She flung up her hands and gazed again, her magnificent figure full in the glare from the hearth.

"Master King!" she exclaimed, "I never was so outdone!"

She said "Master King" at intervals in the next few minutes and often smiled to herself. As the dusk deepened and the mountains encircling us grew blacker she became anxious about Jake. She said he wor sick er onusu'l triflin nigger he might hev got de minister an' den los' him, some way. She wished she had gone herse'f, only Jake never'd cleaned urp de cabin.

She retired to her prospective dwelling soon after 7 o'clock, and when she reappeared she was in the pink cambric. If anything could have made her look like a common yellow woman this thing would have done so. But her noble physique dominated even over the tawdry finery. As Amabel remarked, Jake's betrothed could not be other than a kind of Semiramis or Boadicea, or "that sort of a person, you know."

As the clock ticked on and no Jake appeared, we became quite nervous with anxiety as we waited with the bride in the green bedecked room. Sally still insisted that Jake had probably once secured the minister, but had afterward "lost him." She seemed to think that a minister might be lost something like a thimble or a jackknife.

When it lacked but a quarter to eight, even Mr. Ayer could not pretend to read his paper any more. Ten minutes later, and Sally was quite rigid in her gay gown, sitting in the back of the room. When the twins were not running into the house to announce that they had been listening and couldn't hear nawthin', they were dashing out to listen. Once I went to the stoop. There was not a sound, save the mysterious mountain sound. There was a faint glow behind Busbee, showing where the moon was.

Ristus was standing on the stoop. He had been invited to remain and witness the ceremony. Ole Pink's baby was asleep on our bed. He expressed great sympathy for Sally. He said it must be just awful ter be married, but it must be awfuller ter think yer gwine ter be married, and then not be marrit arfter all. He offered to go out looking for Jake.

Sally had come to the door and overheard this last remark. She said we might leave Jake to her. There was that in her voice and manner that made us all well content that Jake should be left to her.

After this time seemed to fly. It became 9 o'clock very soon. Mr. Ayer kept piling the wood on the fire, and the flames made the green festoons look very lovely, but what was their loveliness but a mockery? We were part of a bridal party, with a missing groom. We almost felt as if we were a portion of an illustrated sensational story. Involuntarily I began to make headings for chapters—I composed some extremely good headings.

The clock struck 10. I asked Mr. Ayer in a whisper what he thought was the matter. He said he thought the matter was that Jake had got drunk in Asheville and would not be able to get out of that city before the next day. He further said that sometimes Jake took a glass, and if he took one he always took a great many more.

At 11 o'clock Sally rose and went out without speaking. Ristus took the baby and departed in the moonlight for the novel where he lived.

In a few minutes Sally returned in her old dress. She had a large, thick comforter in her arms. She asked permission to "wrap it 'bout her an' lay" on our floor.

So we all retired. The dogs were evidently greatly confused that, after all this preparation, nothing had happened.—*New York Tribune.*

FLIES ON HER HAIR.

A Little Girl Explains Something That Puzzled the Young Man.

A small girl of my acquaintance exhibits a peculiar phenomenon at certain times of the year. For instance, as regularly as the weather begins to grow cold her hair begins to curl, and about this month her curls have the stiffness and general appearance of corkscrews. But as soon as the weather grows warm her locks lengthen out into straight tags or resolve themselves into a pigtail or some other juvenile mode of hair dressing.

Yesterday I had a lengthy tete a tete with this young lady, and when we had exhausted all the topics in sight, when she had told me why she liked blue-eyed dolls and hated those of optics brown, when I had told her for the nine hundredth and ninetieth time the story of Cinderella, and she had confided in me the news that she had made up her mind to bury her maltese kitten as soon as it died under the apple tree in the yard; after all this discourse I ventured to voice my curiosity.

"Louise," said I, "why is your hair so curly in winter and so limp and straight in summer."

"Oh, it's because of the flies," said Louise without a moment's hesitation and with some show of contempt for a man who deigned to ask any such easy questions.

"What have the flies got to do with the curliness of your hair?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Why, silly, ma does up my hair with sugar and water, and the sugar dries and makes my hair curly. It's all right in the winter, but in the summer, my! how the flies settled on me when ma curled my hair once last July. I was all flies, I tell you."

EUROPEAN FUN.

Selected From Various Foreign Periodicals, Continental and British.

Alexander Dumas, the elder, was apt to be boastful at times. Thus he once observed at an evening party: "I always keep a hundred louis d'or at the disposal of my friends."

The very next morning a "good friend" called to borrow these hundred pieces of gold, but Dumas, who was not to be caught napping, answered with a smile: "Ah, my dear fellow, you didn't quite take in my meaning. To be sure I always keep a hundred louis at my disposal for my friends, but if I were to lend you the amount, it would no longer be at my disposal. Very sorry."

Resigned to His Fate.

Doctor—What, drinking beer again contrary to my strict order? Didn't I tell you that every glass was a nail in your coffin?

"I can't give it up, doctor, that's a fact, and so I have been saying to myself, 'What does it matter when you are dead and gone if your coffin does look like a hedgehog?'"

A Disappointing Declaration.

Fond Mother (at a ball, aside to her daughter)—"Has Signor Arturo, with whom you have been dancing all the evening, at last declared his intentions?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Thank goodness! And what did he say?"

"He declared that he would never get married!"

Putting It Mildly.

A phlegmatic Dutchman, when dining at a restaurant, detected one of your professional overcoat snatchers in the act of walking off with his new garment, and, stepping up to him as he was going out of the door, he tapped him on the shoulder, saying:

"Perhaps you will just allow me to get another cigar out of my coat pocket?"

Marriage and Divorce in Chicago.

A ring at the 'phone at Lawyer Sharp's:

"Hello! What is it?"

"Is this Sharp's office?"

"Yes."

"I'm Jackson. How's my divorce case?"

"All right. I'll finish it up this morning."

"Good enough. So long."

Two hours later (a hitch in the divorce proceedings). A loud ring at Jackson's 'phone.

"Hello! Who is it?"

"Sharp. Is Jackson in?"

"No. Married and off for New York."

Sharp—Great heavens! Jackson is a bigamist. However, it makes more business for me.—*Exchange.*

Quite Another Thing.

Father—So Mr. Straddle has asked you to be his wife, has he? And you think you love him? Do you know, my child, that he is no better than a common gambler? If I had the making of the laws all such stock jugglers would be in the state prison.

Maud (demurely)—Yes, he does speculate a little. He told me last night that he had just made $100,000 on D., L. & W.—whatever that may mean!

Father—Eh? $100,000! The deuce you say! Sharp fellow, that. Well, my child, you must follow the dictates of your heart.—*Town Topics.*

A Flag of Truce.

A young man at Hawkinsville, Ga., and his "best girl" quarreled some days ago, and remained "at outs" with each other until the young man relented and began to devise some plan to "make up." He finally decided to try the effects of a flag of truce, and cutting a delicate piece of white ribbon into the shape of a miniature flag he sealed it in a sweetly-perfumed envelope and forwarded it to his fair enemy. It had the desired effect, and she at once gave him permission to cross the line and be happy again.

Outside Assistance.

Next door neighbor (to Mrs. Hendricks)—"Well, Mrs. Hendricks, I am very glad to have made your acquaintance, and I hope your husband will soon feel better. Can I do anything for you?"

Mrs. Hendricks—"No, Mrs. Charger, there is nothing at all, I assure you."

Bobby—"You can do something for pa. He says if you'd stop that thumping on your piano he'd be willing to pay a big price for it."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Still a Widow.

Two ladies from the West happened to scrape an acquaintance while waiting for connecting trains at the Broad street station, yesterday.

"How long has your husband been dead?" asked one.

"About a year," was the reply.

"And you are still a widow?"

"Yes. His estate ain't settled yet."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Revenge is Sweet.

Dentist (to fair customer in chair)—Are you not Miss Smith, of Madison avenue?

Miss Smith (coldly)—Yes.

Dentist—I think I had the pleasure to meet you in Saratoga last summer.

Miss Smith—Indeed; you will see, sir, that you get hold of the right tooth.

He got hold of the right tooth, but it came harder than any tooth Miss Smith ever had pulled.—*Epoch.*

Easy to Get One.

Mrs. McCorker (to new servant)—The last servant had a habit of going into the parlor with her young man and sitting there the whole evening. Have you a young man?

New Servant—No, mum; but I might get one with such inducements offered.—*Chicago News.*

All Mixed Up.

Tomlinson—Hello, Bodger! What makes you look so excited?

Bodger—Why, you see, they've got twins at sister's. One of 'em is a boy and one of 'em is a girl, and blamed if that doesn't make me an uncle and an aunt both!

Breaking the Ice.

Mr. Slopace—Er—ah—do you sing "Whistle and I'll Come to You, My Lad?"

Miss Liepyer—I don't sing; but, perhaps, you can whistle, and I might try the rest.—*Puck.*

Not Very Mad.

Harry—Was Laura very angry with you? Jack—No; she only began to cry.

CHILDREN'S ROUND TABLE.

The Youngsters' Budget of Bright and Pithy Sayings.

A WIDEAWAKE LITTLE MISS.

I have a little girl, four years old, who is a source of much amusement to all who hear her talk. The day of the Presidential election we lost her; some one had left the basement door open and she was away up the street with the kitten in her arms. I ran after her and said: "Oh! baby, where are you going?" She said: "I am takin' Kitty to the White House to boat for Cleveln."

Another time we were talking at the dinner table about the Feast of the Passover, and her father said: "The Israelites eat nothing but unleavened bread during that time." Baby followed with the remark: "No; not even 'lases or jelly on it."

Yesterday I took her to see a lady with a new baby, and on her way home she said: "Mamma, why don't you buy a baby?" I said in reply: "I cannot afford it, because you cost me so much all the time." She waited awhile and then said: "Mamma, if I cost so much you ought to be awful good to me."—*N. Y. World.*

BOUNCED.

A friend of mine is the mother of two fine boys, aged respectively three and one-half and one and one-half years. The elder, a fair specimen of the enfant terrible type, had just been forcibly suppressed by his mother in the midst of a circus performance, and having been calmed down sufficiently to assume the role of host, was reviewing his recent acquisitions for my entertainment. He was intently engaged in explaining some pictures in a new book of which he was very careful, when his baby brother toddled up and began patting his little fat hands over the page. Quick as thought Junie caught up the intruder, and with an inimitable little nod and "scuse me a moment, please," tugged the unresisting offender off through an intervening room to his mother, who had been called out to superintend some household matter, and thrusting his burden (almost as big as himself) upon her, with "here, take the baby mamma, please," rushed back to my entertainment with an inexpressible air of relief.—*N. Y. World.*

A REMARKABLE YEARLING.

I have a little nephew who is just 14 months old, and we think him very intelligent and cunning for a baby. When we say to him, "What's the matter with Harrison?" he exclaims, "Ye ya yight."

When any of the older ones tell a joke or pun we say to him, "Now, baby, what do you say?" and he cries out as loudly as he can, "Wats! wats!" (Rats).—*N. Y. World.*

TOM'S TOOTHACHE.

Little Tom suffered with the toothache, and had worn himself out crying. His grandpa told him to be a man and not cry any more. The little fellow looked tearfully towards his aunt for sympathy and said:

"Grandpa thinks this is a slow, soft toothache, but it's a tonfounded Bul'lo lightning nexpress toonache."

Poor Tom got lots of pity after his remarkable definition of toothache.—*N. Y. World.*

BIBLICAL REASONING.

The Sunday-school lesson was about Samson, and wishing to emphasize the fact that Samson's consecration from his infancy forbade that he should drink wine, or even eat grapes, the teacher asked the question: "Now, what do you suppose they wouldn't let him eat grapes for when he was a little boy?" "Because," replied a bright youngster, "his ma was afraid he'd swallow the skins!"

The best regulated military schools will occasionally find abuses to creep into the caterer's department, but it is not often that the evil is remedied, as in the following case: Simon, the cook, was not fastidiously clean, and a cadet when called on to say grace before dinner (it was customary to call on some cadet at random), delivered this unusual "blessing:"

Lord, from above, down on us look!
And send us down another cook,
For Simon is so very mean
He will not cook the victuals clean!

The father needed this bright lad at home, but Simon also found a job which suited him better.—*N. Y. World.*

A BIT OF HUMAN NATURE.

Little Dot—Mamma, what's this cake called angel cake for?

Mamma (meaningly)—Because little girls who eat too much of it become angels.

"Don't angels get this kind of cake to eat?"

"No; angels never get anything to eat."

"Well, des I don't want to be an angel until I get old and lose my appetite."

PAPA IS PLACED.

A happy couple who live on Walnut Hills have a beautiful little girl who has just made a trip with them to New York and the East. Mrs. —— is a native of Indiana, and Mr. —— is a genuine Buckeye. While at one of the Eastern hotels the little girl was quizzed by a guest as to the nativity of her parents, when she naively answered: "My mamma is a Hoosier and my papa is a—a—Chestnut."—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

QUEER SYNONYMS.

A teacher in one of the Hartford city schools requires her pupils to write sentences containing the words in the lesson. These sentences sometimes are very funny. Here are two: One of the words in the lesson was "urchin." A little fellow who would evidently rather stay at home and play than go to school, wrote: "The father is urchin his boy to go to school." The following is more subtle. The word was "pacify," and the sentence was, "The author pacifies the poem." "Why, what do you think 'pacify' means?" asked the teacher. "The dictionary says it means 'compose.'"—*Hartford Courant.*

A FREE CIRCUS.

A little girl had been very bad, and her mother dressed her up in boy's clothes as a punishment and sent her to the nursery. Imagine the mother's surprise an hour or so later to find the child walking the fence of the front garden for the amusement of a large crowd of children who were gathered on the sidewalk. That was a child that needed a switching, her mother discovered, and so she switched her.—*Atlanta Journal.*

PANSY POINTS THE WAY.

Three-year-old Pansy asks her mother to read a story. Mother replies:

"My eyes ache. I cannot read to-day."

Pansy: "Don't read wif your eyes; read wif your mouf."—*N. Y. World.*

They Whooped Her Up.

At one of the private school's for little ones in this village a few days ago the teacher was instructing the scholars in singing. They were rather slow in their time, and she began to beat the time in an energetic manner and carried it on until they had sung themselves nearly out of breath. When the exercise was over the four-year-old daughter of one of our physicians remained between her gasps for breath, "My, Miss ——, we whooped her up Eliza Jane that time, didn't we!"—*Catskill Mail.*

The Lawyer's Strategy.

Mother—"Well, did you get that situation as office boy?"

Little Son—"Nope."

"What was the matter?"

"Don't know. The gent is a lawyer, and he asked me if I was a good whistler, and I told him I was the best whistler on our street, and he said I wouldn't do. Guess he must want a reglar professional."—*New York Weekly.*

A Bit of Irony.

The *Journal of Education* asks the teachers: "Do you smile as serenely in school as at the sociable?" If anybody of sound mind can smile serenely at a sociable—oh, the irony of the word!—he ought to be able to keep on the broad grin in the school-room, even though the pupils be made up of dunces and inchoate murderers. Smile at a sociable!—and serenely! Oh, this is quite too much!—*Boston Transcript.*

A Misdirected Moral.

Amy Williams—Ruth, dear, won't you walk up to the corner with me? I don't like to go alone.

Ruth Warp—I'm never alone, Amy. The Lord is always with me.

Amy—Well, Ruth, you walk up to the corner with me, and then you will have company back.

Prompted by a Child's Reason.

Often the questions asked by small children are the hardest of all to answer. A small daughter named Amy was taken by her grandmother to see the house her (Amy's) father lived in when he was a small boy. When they came home Amy asked her father: "Papa, when you were a little boy, who was my papa?"

Our New Temperance and Religious Serial.

THE FOLLETT CURSE;

A TALE OF AMERICAN LIFE OF TO-DAY.

THE BLADE'S $2,500 STORY.

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CHAPTER X.

WAS JESUS DIVINE?

ABOUT this time, a book was published that created a great sensation in intellectual circles in the United States, because it was recognized as an able attack on Christianity. Every now and then somebody launches a paper bolt at Christian fundamentals of belief, which is hailed by the infidel world as a "crusher" that must effectually destroy the religion they hate; but somehow the church does not fall, as its enemies predicted it would. It is founded on a rock, and its head towers up beyond the mists and clouds and storms of this lower world, rising into the clear ether far above their level, proudly erect and unshaken, with the eternal sunshine upon it. The attacks may tear off a clinging parasite, or clear away a patch of disfiguring moss; but the structure stands unshaken. Each new attack is, however, greeted with the same cries of congratulation from the camp wherein the forces of the world, the flesh and the devil are arrayed for the conflict, and the jubilant shout goes up that *now* the religion of Christ is undermined and must necessarily go down; but it never does.

The special book referred to made a prodigious sensation when it appeared. The overzealous among the Christian ministry unwisely at once made it a target for their denunciations, and Sunday after Sunday, from a thousand pulpits, the book was attacked. The newspapers discussed it, and everybody read it. Doncaster has among its people a goodly percentage who, like the Athenians of old, are constantly seeking "some new thing;" and the book was widely read by the religious and irreligious alike, and made the topic for any amount of discussion among both learned and unlearned. Three ministers, at least, preached labored sermons against it—with the result to largely increase the local sales of the book.

As was to be expected, it excited the keenest interest in Frank Danforth. With his mind in a state of doubt and protest on religious topics, the reviews that heralded the book were naturally read with avidity; and as soon as the volume itself appeared on the booksellers' shelves, he purchased a copy and gave it an attentive perusal.

The story—for the book, while in reality an argument against certain tenets of Christianity, was cast in the form of a novel—is that of an English churchman, a graduate of Oxford, who holds a living in a rural parish. He has but lately married a clergyman's daughter, of intense and somewhat ascetic religious views, whose soul revolts at any form of so-called "liberalism"—which is but an euphemism for infidelity. The most important man in the parish is a certain squire, living in a grand old hall, one wing of which is devoted to a most magnificent library. The squire is an infidel. He is a man of vast learning and of indefatigable research. The book details the spiritual struggles of the rector. He has a passion for historical research, and a community of mind on these topics draws him and the squire together. He first begins to doubt the authenticity of the evidence on which we accept miracles; and finally is led, through the squire's arguments, to give up his belief that miracles are or were possible. Hence he has to abandon belief in the incarnation of Christ, in His resurrection and ascension; he looks upon Jesus as a mere man, and the gospel as a mass of romance and legend that has grown up about the few scanty facts in the life of the obscure carpenter's son. He throws up his church living, abandons the ministry of the church of England, and goes to labor in the East end of London, among the thousands of lowly ones who live together there.

The story was a strong one; the different steps in the gradual throwing off of the vital parts of Christianity, and the anguish of the wife, who remains steadfast in the faith, were strongly and graphically—yes, truthfully—told. But the main interest of the book centered, of course, in the attack upon Christianity.

"Have you read ——?" asked Harry Follett, naming the volume, of Frank Danforth, as the two sat together in his office one evening.

Frank was busily studying a huge volume on the "Rules of Evidence," which he laid down as he answered affirmatively, for he felt anxious to discuss the book with his legal preceptor.

"Well, what do you think of it? Does it shake your convictions at all?" pursued Harry, who was a pronounced infidel of what is frequently spoken of as the "Ingersoll type."

"I can hardly say. It has made me aware that there must be a very wide field of discussion with which the rank and file of humanity—including myself, of course—are nearly entirely ignorant. What do you think of it, Mr. Follett?"

"I think," answered Harry, "that it is the most convincing book I ever read on the subject of the impossibility of miracles. If the point that miracles cannot occur be driven home to the popular mind, the prevalent belief in Christianity must fail; for the story of Christ starts with his miraculous conception; His recorded career is but a chronicle of didactic teaching and of miracles performed; and His career ends with two miracles—His resurrection and ascension. If miracles cannot and did not happen, then He did not rise from the dead; and you remember what St. Paul says: 'If Christ be not risen, then is our faith vain.' All there is of Christianity depends on a belief in miracles. Now, I don't believe a miracle ever did happen, or ever can happen. Hence I am glad to see the point brought out so clearly in this book. It will do good—great good—in opening people's eyes!"

"Is it a good thing for the world at large to have its religious faith overturned, Mr. Follett?"

"Why not? Is not a knowledge of the truth always desirable? Are we not the better off to be delivered from the bondage of error?"

"But please recall a previous conversation, in which you declared that the vast majority of Christians are so, either because they are selfish, or because they are cowards; that they obey either because they are moved by a selfish desire to achieve the delights of heaven, or from a cowardly fear of the pains of hell. Suppose this restraint was thrown off from the mass of mankind—what would be the result; good or evil?"

Harry drummed reflectively on the table between them. "Well, Frank," he at last went on, "so far as the immediate effects are concerned, they would be bad. I decidedly believe that the mass of people are swayed as I have before said. And with a man who is moved to rule his life by such low motives the result could only be evil. He would feel all moral restraint removed, and if all the rest of his kind were released at the same time, so that he would not feel the force of adverse public opinion, there would be a decided increase in the number of violations of what we call the moral law. The natural propensities of these people would sway them, and with all fear of the hereafter or all hope of reward removed, they would plunge into all kinds of excesses."

"Then is not the publication of such a book to be deplored?"

"No. Let us have the truth, no matter what the result may be. But man is a slave by nature. Emancipated from the control of one god, he will at once proceed to set up another, and terrify himself into decent conduct by a bugaboo of his own manufacture. Don't worry over mankind in general, Frank. They are not worth it. The only men worth your thought are the few who are ruled by reason, not by hope or fear!"

The entrance of a business caller here ended the conversation. Frank's mind instinctively reverted to Mr. Radcliffe. The latter had made no pulpit reference to the book that was stirring the people, and Frank determined to call on him for the purpose of discussing its arguments with him. The evening was early yet; so, closing his volume of legal lore, he put on his hat and climbed the hill to the parsonage. The minister's welcome was a hearty one, as he led the way to the study.

"I am glad you came in, Frank—very glad. I have been studying and writing all day, and I begun to get hungry for some one to talk to. You are, so to speak, a godsend this evening."

"And I am glad, in turn," responded Danforth, "to find you ready to talk—for I came to ask you some questions."

"Propound them," said the minister, turning around to the fire in his easy chair, and indicating another to his visitor. "What is bothering you now?"

"The old doubts—the old questions."

"I suspected as much. Which, being translated, means that you have been reading the latest celebrated novel, and want me to make it off handy, eh?" And Mr. Radcliffe leaned back in his chair with the light of battle on his face.

"But, taken throughout, there is considerable matter in the book, Mr. Radcliffe," returned Frank, "to shake one's faith in the reality of the miracles He is said to have wrought."

The minister shook his head. "There is really very little, Frank. There is a reiteration of the assertion that 'miracles do not happen,' and very, very little to move it. The pleas made then against their reality can be applied equally well to the evidence to which we accept any other historic event of the past. Do you doubt the gospel miracles, Frank?"

The young man flushed. "I do, sir," he replied. "And it was because of that doubt that I came here to-night."

"If I understand the novel," went on the minister, "the rector gave up his belief in the miracles chiefly because he decided the evidence on which they are accepted to be untrustworthy. The squire seemed to disbelieve them because they seemed to be exceptions to the laws governing all things mundane, if my conclusions from reading it be correct. Which has the greater weight with you?"

"The latter, undoubtedly, sir."

"That is, you find it hard to believe a miracle could occur, because it would run counter to natural law, eh?"

"Yes."

"Now, Frank," returned the minister, warmly, "listen while I give you an illustration that involves an argument. We are familiar with three dimensions—length, breadth and thickness. We are conditioned so that we apprehend these three dimensions of space, and no more. But as we know three, it is comparatively easy to imagine a world which has but two dimensions—length and breadth. We can even imagine people who could conceive of space with but these two conditions. In point of fact, somebody—I forget who—has worked out the necessary limitations of people in a world which has but two dimensions, which world he calls 'Flatland,' because everything would be flat. Nothing would have thickness. There would be only length and breadth."

"I have read of that idea," interrupted Frank.

"Very well; so much the better. Suppose that in Flatland some one has a circular article—of course flat, without thickness—and then constructs around it a continuous ring. The circular article would be inclosed in the ring, and it would be absolutely impossible to get the circular article out of it—for, you must remember, there is no thickness, no up or down. You see this clearly?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Well, then; suppose one should come along who is cognizant of the third dimension of space—thickness; one who is conditioned so that he can recognize up and down. He is shown the circular article inclosed in the flat ring. He lifts it out of the ring. This is impossible to be understood by men conditioned so as to know but two dimensions. To them it is an utter violation of natural law—a miracle, in short; is it not?"

Frank assented with a nod. He was getting a new idea of what miracles are.

"There is another step in the argument yet, Frank. Learned men have amused themselves by assuming the existence of a fourth dimension in space—that it might be possible for us to be conditioned so that we could apprehend not only length, breadth and thickness, but also a fourth (and unnamed) dimension. It is purely speculative; but among other wonderful things that it would be possible to do would be this. You know that if a ball of iron were placed inside the two halves of a hollow copper sphere, which were then riveted together, it would be an absolute impossibility to get the ball out again without cutting the sphere open?"

"Most certainly."

"Well, it has been demonstrated theoretically that, if we were conditioned to appreciate this conjectural fourth dimension in space, it would be possible to turn that closed hollow copper sphere inside out, without breaking its shell, and, of course, of liberating the iron ball in the process. Now, if we had the sphere with the inclosed ball here to-night, and some one of the fourth-dimension people were to come in and turn it inside out, releasing the ball without breaking the hollow sphere, would it not be a miracle to you and me? Just as much of a miracle as the turning of the water into wine at the Cana wedding feast?"

"I must admit that it would," replied Frank.

"Then one more highly conditioned than ourselves could do things that contravene the conditions of which we are cognizant; could perform acts that violate the laws which are known to us? Could perform miracles, in short?"

Frank bowed his assent.

"Jesus was such an one. In that He was man, He was conditioned as we are; in that he was also God, He was more highly conditioned. As God He could do those things which, were we conditioned up to the plane on which he worked, would be perfectly plain and simple to us; but which, to our more limited conditioning, seem wonderful, and against the laws of the conditions which form our environment."

"Is that the true explanation of miracles, then, according to your ideas, sir?" inquired Frank.

"I use that as an illustration of a possible method. As we, with our knowledge of three dimensions, could perform easily what would be a miracle to the 'Flatlanders'—those who were conditioned to know but two dimensions—so one of higher conditions could perform things that to us are miracles."

"And you believe Christ such an one?"

"He was God as well as man when on earth. That He performed miracles, I do believe; that He rose from the dead, I believe; and I also believe that when we throw aside this body, which conditions us, we shall pass to a higher plane and be able to apprehend, to understand, the conditions of the spiritual world—and that the miracles were each a manifestation of that higher law we are unable to understand now."

Frank gazed absently into the fire, new ideas flocking through his brain. Mr. Radcliffe continued:

"The book is weak, too, in assuming that the miracles are a necessary part of Christianity. They were necessary, to impress the people among whom Jesus lived and moved, with the divinity of his mission. They are not necessary to us. If the authenticity of all the recorded miracles of the gospels were to be submitted to an ordinary jury in a court of law, and that jury should bring in the old Scotch verdict of 'not proven'—which simply means that the jury can not decide—I would believe just as strongly in the divinity of Christ as I do now."

"Upon what grounds, sir?" inquired Frank.

"Because the Hebrew nation was a historic fact, extending over centuries. All other peoples looked back into the past to find their golden age. They found the brightest, happiest period of their career in the halcyon days long gone; the present was the age of iron. But the Hebrew nation reversed this rule. Its central idea was in the glory of the future. Its elaborate religious ritual was all a foreshadowing of the coming Messiah, and his function as the world's Redeemer. Even when the kingdom was in the height of its power under David and Solomon, the future King, who should have the world for his empire, was the theme of prophet and psalmist. This sublime topic was the burden of nearly every prophetic utterance. Throughout the long roll of writers of the sacred books of the Old Testament, extending from the time of Moses down to the latest inspired hand, not one lost sight of the Messianic promise. Take out all th

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Literature.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Bret Harte's "Cressy"—Solomon Maimon—Modern Science in Bible Lands—Red Carl—Other Translations—Literary Notes.

"Cressy" is the latest story by Bret Harte, and somewhat in a different vein from anything which he has written before. Yet there is much of the same felicity of expression, the same happy turns that characterized some of his earlier works. The character of Cressy, the heroine, is rather suggested than described, but the reader finds himself at fault at the end. The plot is not elaborate, and there is a want of compactness in it, yet as a whole it is a delicious production and will find many readers. Little Johnny Pilgee is most humorously presented, also Cressy's father, the man who aimed to be always "kam." The book is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

"Solomon Maiman" is an autobiography of a Polish Jew, who was a most remarkable man, and yet little known in English literature. Thoroughly educated in all of the lore of his people his spirit was yet strong enough to go beyond, and to strike out into a path which has had an appreciable effect in leading speculation. He gives in these pages a vitalized idea of Jewish life and modes of thought, which were made after he had himself severed all connection with his own people and their creed, and are, therefore, outside of all Jewish prejudices. The style is very pleasant, and the story has all of the fascination of a romance, while giving a great deal of information that will interest the reader. The book is translated from the German by J. Clark Murray, and published by Cupples & Hard, Boston.

"Modern Science in Bible Lands," is a very readable book by Sir J. W. Dawson, author of other works in somewhat the same direction. The method of the author, he states in the preface, was to share with others the pleasure and profit of a tour in Italy, Egypt and Syria, and by studying its geology and physical features to throw light upon their history, especially that part connected with the sacred Scriptures. His point of view is especially that of a geologist, observer in which direction he is an expert, and his deductions show an entire familiarity with the subject, such as only the most careful study could give. There are maps and illustrations to assist the reader in arriving at a thorough understanding of the matter. The work is an exceedingly valuable as well as an interesting one. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, issued "Red Carl," which is translated from the German of J. J. Messmer, by Mary E. Ireland. The story concerns the Labor Question, Socialism and Temperance, conveying some very excellent teachings upon all of these subjects. The story is founded upon fact, and is full of dramatic incident. It is a description of the fortunes of a single family, with which, of course, others become interwoven. There is a vivid description of a strike, the scenes of the events being laid mostly in a New England manufacturing town. Part of the family finally migrate to the West, and the story leaves them in a peaceful, happy home life.

Another translation issued by the same publishers is "A Happy Find," from the French of Madame Gagneiin. It is a wonderfully pretty story of the finding of a beautiful baby, its adoption by a lonely woman, who educated the child and gave her a mother's love. The incidents are not dramatic but rather many of them pathetic, and well calculated to hold the interest of the reader. The book is translated by Miss E. V. Lee, who has well preserved the spirit which the author had breathed into it from the beginning.

One of Honori De Balzac's novels translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley entitled "Louis Lambert," belongs to the series now being issued by Roberts Brothers, Boston. There is an introduction by George Frederic Parsons, which is an admirable study of the great French author. He says that those who object to "Louis Lambert" and "Seraphita" "ought to perceive that these works crown an enterprise as a flower crowns a plant; that in them the author's genius finds its complete expression and final bloom; that his other works prepare for, explain, presuppose and justify them." Besides "Lambert," there are two other sketches, "Facino Cane" and "Gambara," which are works of a philosophical nature. The whole book will bear a careful reading and study.

In the "Knickerbocker Nuggets," issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, comes a pretty edition of Esop's Fables, with a pleasant introduction giving something of the life and character of the author of these old fables, that say so much in a little.

"Echoes from the Blarney Stone and Other Rhymes," by W. C. R., is published by Charles H. Kerr & Company, Chicago. It is a collection of poems, which, as the name indicates, are peculiarly Irish in their sentiment and diction, the first one giving its name to the whole.

"The Financial Review" for 1888 has just been published by William B. Dana & Co., New York. This annual is a reference work of the greatest value for business and newspaper offices.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia, republish Mrs. Burnett's "Theo," a charming love story. Mrs. Burnett never fails to interest her readers. Her heroine, Theo, is a natural, noble-minded girl, in whose history the reader soon becomes deeply interested. The story is told with directness and great earnestness, and with much of the author's dramatic power. Mrs. Burnett always seeks to elevate the thoughts of her readers, and does not trench even upon the borderlands of vice to give zest to her stories.

Two pamphlets issued in the Globe Library, by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, are "The Maddoxes," by Jean Middlemass, author of "Lady Muriel's Secret," etc., and "A Dangerous Catspaw," by David Christie Murray and Henry Murray.

Literary Notes.

Edna D. Cheney is writing the official biography of the late Louisa M. Alcott.

An *edition de luxe* of E. C. Phillips' "As in a Looking Glass" will be published in London, with illustrations by Mr. du Maurier.

Thomas Whittaker will publish at once a new manual by Lucy Ellen Guernsey, entitled, "A Lent in Earnest."

Peter Paul & Bro., Buffalo, will publish immediately "The Champions of Agrarian Socialism, and Their Teaching," from the German of the Rev. V. Cathrein, S. J.

Mrs. Margaret Oliphant, the novelist, lives at Windsor, and is treated with much consideration by the Queen, who is very fond of her writings.

The money value of the new edition of Ruskin's "Modern Painters" at the retail price has been figured up to be not far short of $100,000. Mr. Ruskin's receipts from the editions are estimated at $30,000.

The authorized "Life of Laurence Oliphant" will be written under his wife's direction. His letters are asked for, and may be sent to Messrs. Blackwood, the publishers, at Edinburgh.

A paper in the March *Forum*, written by a colored man, Prof. W. S. Scarborough, of Wilberforce University, Ohio, will speak of the asperations and hindrances of the negroes in the South.

Margaret Deland never even wrote a short story until after she put "John Ward" on paper. She is now writing a new novel. In spite of the apparent unorthodox tendencies of "John Ward," Mrs. Deland remains herself a churchwoman.

The sale of the plates, copyrights, and publishing contracts of the late firm of Knight, Loomis & Co. has been delayed until February 26. Catalogues may be obtained at Bangs & Co.'s, 739 Broadway. The sale will be one of the most important that has taken place in years.

Apropos of the arrival in the American market of his "Souvenirs d'un Homme de Lettres," it is said that Daudet is suffering from a hopeless nervous malady of the kind which wrecked Heine's life, and it is feared he may not be able to accomplish much more work.

The biography of Henry Ward Beecher, prepared under the supervision of the family, will hereafter be published by Bloomfield & Co., of New York, instead of by Charles L. Webster & Co., and will be sold through the trade instead of by subscription. The Messrs. Bloomfield will also bring out an edition of "The Life of Christ."

A gentleman in Paris sent to a bookbinder two volumes of the French edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The title in French is "L'Oncle Tom," and the two volumes were returned to him marked on their backs:

L'Oncle,	L'Oncle,
Tome I.	Tome II.

Messrs. Belford, Clarke & Co., the publishers of the forthcoming novel, "Janus," by Edward Irenæus Stevenson, direct attention to the fact that within some forty years only three novels that were at once strongly musical and yet otherwise interesting enough to make a popular success have appeared, viz., "Charles Auchester," the (anonymous) "Alcestis," and "The First Violin" of Miss Fothergill. To these "Janus" comes as a natural successor, though a story of very opposite attributes.

Mr. George Kennan has given up lecturing, I hear, except before small audiences of a semi-social character. He is living quietly in Washington, doing no literary work beyond his papers in the *Century*. He is 43 years old, a spare but strong figure and a great friend of his townspeople, the Burnetts.

MRS. HARRISON'S DRESS

To Be Worn on the Occasion of the Inaugural Ball.

A young woman who is an intimate friend of Mrs. Harrison says she knows what that lady will wear at the inauguration ball, that she went with her to the dressmaker, saw the material selected, the style of making chosen, and was afterward present when the dress was tried on. So she is competent to say decidedly how Mrs. Harrison will settle the question of high or low corsage. The dress was not made in New York, though it was during her shopping tour in this city that the President's wife purchased the gloves, slippers, and fan that will be worn with it. The material is very expensive and splendid black silk velvet, and the dress is to be made with a very long train. The petticoat is of black satin, draped with very beautiful Brussels lace, gathered quite full and draped a little across the front. The bodice and train are of velvet, and the former is cut low, but still at a very modest line. The back is slightly pointed, but the front is shaped square, and there are folds of the black lace about it, with a bit of white lisse lying next to the skin. Mrs. Harrison will hold a very nice throat and pair of shoulders. Around her throat will be a broad black velvet band clasped with a diamond star, and a necklace hangs below this. Her sleeves will reach just to the elbow, finished with the lace and lisse. Drawn up to meet these will be a pair of yellow tan Suede gloves, fifteen buttons in length. The slippers are of black satin, beaded with jet upon the toes, and the fan is of black ostrich feathers, with sticks of shell. Mrs. Harrison's thick, handsome gray hair will be worn high in puffs, with a few crimps upon the forehead and a little aigrette of black and white heron plumes set amid the puffs. So she is safe to look a very handsome and imposing figure.—*N. Y. World.*

"ANIMAL MAGNETISM."

Kellar Puzzled Edwin Booth by the Table Trick.

Mr. Booth came on the stage one night, says Magician Kellar in the New York *Tribune*, to see me do my trick of picking up a table and swinging it over my head by simply placing my hands on the top. The table in question had been standing over the footlights for nearly an hour, and it occurred to me that it was just about ready to fall to pieces owing to the melting of the glue. I had previously driven two tacks in the top, leaving the heads about a quarter of an inch above the board so that the two slotted rings I wore on my fingers could easily slip over them. That's a way I have of picking up tables by animal magnetism.

Mr. Booth was so deeply interested that I invited him to place his hands above mine so that we might lift the table together. He agreed at once, and when I gave the word began to rise his slowly. Mine soon began to follow, fetching the table with them. When we had lifted it about a foot I heard an ominous cracking.

"Look out, Mr. Booth," I said with all the agitation I could muster, "you are so full of magnetism that the table may be unable to withstand it. Be careful lest it should fly to pieces and hurt you."

The warning had scarcely left my lips when the glue gave way and down went the legs and frame with a clatter, leaving the top sticking to my hands.

By a dexterous movement I pulled out the tacks and threw them away, and turned the slots in the rings between my fingers so that they could not be seen. Mr. Booth was mightily puzzled. He didn't say much, but I could tell by his looks that the business was entirely beyond him. I dare say he is still in the dark.

WHEN TO CHOOSE A WIFE.

If in September, discreet, affable, and much liked.

If in May, handsome, amiable, and likely to be happy.

If in July, passably handsome, but with a sulky temper.

If in June, impetuous; will marry early and be frivolous.

If in November, liberal, kind, and of a mild disposition.

If in August, amiable and practical, and likely to marry rich.

If in October, pretty and coquettish, and likely to be unhappy.

If in February, a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.

If in March, a frivolous chatterbox, somewhat given to quarreling.

If in April, inconstant, not very intelligent, but likely to be good looking.

If in December, well proportioned, fond of novelty, and extravagant.

If in January, a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good temper.

How Many Jews Are There?

An estimate accepted at the opening of a Jewish Young Men's club in Glasgow lately, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, as the lowest that could be entertained, stated the number of the ubiquitous race at 6,000,000. It is distressing to hear that, with the exception of half a million, they are all in a state of political bondage. But the Young Men's club just opened in Glasgow means to strive to cure that evil. "Did it not occur to them," asked a fervently-patriotic speaker of his more fortunate countrymen, "that, having obtained their own emancipation, a great deal fell upon their shoulders; that the Jews of the British Empire and of France and America, if they were men with anything like pluck in their souls, would never rest content till they fought the battle for the great mass of their race who were still writhing under persecution? That was a sufficient reason for the formation of Jewish associations, and he trusted that they, the young men of Glasgow, would not forget that in Russia alone there were 4,000,000 of their race whose every step was dogged by that curse, that abuse of Christianity, religious hatred and persecution.

A Dairy Mystery Solved.

For some time past the cows on the ranch of S. W. Coffee, who lives about five miles northeast of Modesto, Cal., have been yielding little or no milk in the morning. As the yield at night has not been decreased it was naturally a cause of wonder and surprise. The conjectures as to the cause were many, and it was finally investigated. The result was truly astonishing. It was discovered that when the cows were corralled at night, and after they had laid down, a band of shoats that frequented the barnyard had been in the habit of extracting the milk from the udder. The parties on watch saw the young swine about midnight cautiously approach the cows and commence sucking with a confidence and zest that denoted familiarity with the work. This story, although singular, is vouched for by N. F. Howell. "Doc" says the shoats in question will squeal and whine after the cows as persistently and naturally as though they were calling their mothers.—

A Sure Sign.

Iowa Lady—Where is my husband?
Servant—He just stepped out to the drug store, mum.
"My goodness! Is he drinking again?"—*New York Weekly.*

ST. JACOBS OIL
For Rheumatism.
Fresh Proofs Just Received.

25 Years. Sandyville, Ohio, June 19, 1883. Was taken with rheumatism in 1861; suffered at times ever since and used crutches. St. Jacobs Oil cured me about 2 years ago; no return. GEO. L. WIXOM.

11 Years. Columbus, Ohio, June 23, 1888. Taken with rheumatism 12 years ago; suffered till one year ago; cured by St. Jacobs Oil. No return since. I. E. BRYAN.

Crippled Feet. Washburne, Ill., May 22, '86. Five years ago had rheumatism in my feet; suffered 3 years; used cane. St. Jacobs Oil cured me. JOSEPH FELS.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

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If in June, impetuous; will marry early and be frivolous.

If in November, liberal, kind, and of a mild disposition.

If in August, amiable and practical, and likely to marry rich.

If in October, pretty and coquettish, and likely to be unhappy.

If in February, a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.

If in March, a frivolous chatterbox, somewhat given to quarreling.

If in April, inconstant, not very intelligent, but likely to be good looking.

If in December, well proportioned, fond of novelty, and extravagant.

If in January, a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good temper.

How Many Jews Are There?

An estimate accepted at the opening of a Jewish Young Men's club in Glasgow lately, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, as the lowest that could be entertained, stated the number of the ubiquitous race at 6,000,000. It is distressing to hear that, with the exception of half a million, they are all in a state of political bondage. But the Young Men's club just opened in Glasgow means to strive to cure that evil. "Did it not occur to them," asked a fervently-patriotic speaker of his more fortunate countrymen, "that, having obtained their own emancipation, a great deal fell upon their shoulders; that the Jews of the British Empire and of France and America, if they were men with anything like pluck in their souls, would never rest content till they fought the battle for the great mass of their race who were still writhing under persecution? That was a sufficient reason for the formation of Jewish associations, and he trusted that they, the young men of Glasgow, would not forget that in Russia alone there were 4,000,000 of their race whose every step was dogged by that curse, that abuse of Christianity, religious hatred and persecution.

A Dairy Mystery Solved.

For some time past the cows on the ranch of S. W. Coffee, who lives about five miles northeast of Modesto, Cal., have been yielding little or no milk in the morning. As the yield at night has not been decreased it was naturally a cause of wonder and surprise. The conjectures as to the cause were many, and it was finally investigated. The result was truly astonishing. It was discovered that when the cows were corralled at night, and after they had laid down, a band of shoats that frequented the barnyard had been in the habit of extracting the milk from the udder. The parties on watch saw the young swine about midnight cautiously approach the cows and commence sucking with a confidence and zest that denoted familiarity with the work. This story, although singular, is vouched for by N. F. Howell. "Doc" says the shoats in question will squeal and whine after the cows as persistently and naturally as though they were calling their mothers.—

A Sure Sign.

Iowa Lady—Where is my husband?
Servant—He just stepped out to the drug store, mum.
"My goodness! Is he drinking again?"—*New York Weekly.*

ST. JACOBS OIL
For Rheumatism.
Fresh Proofs Just Received.

25 Years. Sandyville, Ohio, June 19, 1883. Was taken with rheumatism in 1861; suffered at times ever since and used crutches. St. Jacobs Oil cured me about 2 years ago; no return. GEO. L. WIXOM.

11 Years. Columbus, Ohio, June 23, 1888. Taken with rheumatism 12 years ago; suffered till one year ago; cured by St. Jacobs Oil. No return since. I. E. BRYAN.

Crippled Feet. Washburne, Ill., May 22, '86. Five years ago had rheumatism in my feet; suffered 3 years; used cane. St. Jacobs Oil cured me. JOSEPH FELS.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

CHINA'S IMPERIAL FAMILY.

Tracing the Genealogy of the Present Emperor Back for Centuries.

The genealogy of the Chinese Imperial family is made up every ten years, and has just been brought up to date with much solemnity in readiness for the Emperor's approaching marriage. Since at least B. C. 100 registers have been kept of the Chinese noble and royal families, and the present Imperial genealogy shows that the reigning sovereign is descended from the monarchs who ruled in Moukden over the Manchurian Province before the dynasty was established in 1644. The Imperial register is honored as much as the Emperor himself, and is carried through the streets of Pekin with the utmost reverence to its resting place at Moukden. Shops, windows and doors are shut, as in an Imperial progress, no one dare appear in the streets, which are sprinkled with yellow earth, and perfect silence prevails. The great record is compiled from two books, the yellow volume devoted to the emperor's immediate family, or descendants from the original founder of the present dynasty, the Tsung-shih, who wear yellow girdles, and the red volume for more distant relations—the gloro, wearing red girdles, who spring from the original emperor's brother. Every year each relative is bound to send into these volumes a list of births, marriages and deaths in his family during the year, and at the end of ten years these records are transferred to the great roll, and presented solemnly to the emperor. The sovereign himself gives the names to his brothers and cousins, and if any individual commits a crime his name is expunged from the register. The present emperor's name, "Tsai," is forbidden to be written by his subjects.

A FROZEN BLACK SNAKE.

He Broke It in Two and Killed the Head With the Tail.

Samuel Snowden, who lives on the outskirts of East Orange, N. J., tells a remarkable snake story. He went to a barn to get some wood, and in the wood pile saw what he thought was a dark and mottled stick of wood about two feet long. He drew it from the pile, but suddenly dropped it as if it was hot. The supposed stick, he found, was a torpid black snake about four feet long. It had crawled into the wood pile and was frozen stiff.

Mr. Snowden picked the snake up by the tail and playfully shook it at his little son. To his surprise the frozen snake broke in two, and the head end fell to the ground. For a few seconds the tail end quivered and then was apparently dead. The head, however, suddenly thawed, and exhibited remarkable activity, gliding back toward the wood pile. When Mr. Snowden recovered from his astonishment and shattered the life out of the head with the snake's tail. Snowden has the two pieces of snake, and will have them stuffed and mounted.

The Crusoe Cave.

Consul Moses H. Sawyer, at Trinidad, sends the State department a report which will interest everybody who has read "Robinson Crusoe." Consul Sawyer says:

"I have to report that the annexation of Tobago to Trinidad takes effect January 1, 1889. This small, fertile and healthy island is situated twenty miles northeast of Trinidad, in latitude 11 deg. 9 min. north and longitude 60 deg. 12 min. west. It has an area of 73,913 acres, only 10,000 of which are under cultivation. The population in 1881 was 18,051, engaged in the cultivation of sugar, cocoa and coffee. In 1885 the exports were £38,437; imports, £30,758; revenue, £10,826; expenditures, £12,031. There are two towns, Scarborough (the capital) and Plymouth, each having a good harbor. At Scarborough the royal mail steamships for Southampton call at their time to sail bimonthly from Trinidad. Tobago has the honor of having been inhabited by a celebrated shipwrecked mariner, as described by the genius of DeFoe, and many travelers visited the island out of curiosity to see the famous Crusoe cave that is said to have been the abode of him and his named cannibal, "Friday."—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

JELLY FISH.

One of the Peculiar Forms of the Lowest Animal Life.

"People hardly ever stop to think that the masses of jelly-like matter that people so often see floating around the water in the seaside are alive and have some feeling."

The speaker was a bright teacher who takes a great interest in natural history. "The jelly fish," he continued, "is one of the primitive animals that has not lost its identity in the marvelous evolution of animal life. It possesses some power of sensation, but not much of anything else. It can't say that it has any semblance of a nervous system, but it has a low sort of instinct that leads it to avoid danger.

"As for digestive apparatus, it is really all stomach, and it lives by what it absorbs through numerous little pores from the water. In this respect it resembles a piece of dough in which one would stick pieces of food. If the dough had the power of assimilation it would be a second edition of the jelly fish."

Dakota's Tin Mines.

"If you ever hear any one say in the future that all the tin comes from Cornwall, England, just tell them there is a country out West called Dakota that can give Cornwall cards and spades and beat it," said Capt. M. C. Conners in Chicago a few days ago. Capt. Conners is part owner in the Boston, a tin mine near Spearfish, D. T., and he is in Chicago to buy mining machinery. The captain says the mining of tin is destined to be one of the greatest industries of the country. "We pay," said he, "$38,000,000 yearly to foreign countries for tin, while the Black Hills contain not only enough for home consumption, but a supply the world. Tin was first discovered in Dakota about six years ago. The Boston was the first mine to be worked. Tin mining is different from almost anything else. The proper working of the mines requires more capital and special scientists before the industry can become prominent or profitable. Our mine produces about 1,000 tons of ore a day, and the per centage is from 10 to 35 of pure tin. This we do now, but with the machinery I am buying we can have an output of 500,000 tons a day."

Her Two Sons.

An old duchess on one occasion requested Dr. Abernethy to pay a professional visit to her house. The doctor went as requested and was introduced into the drawing-room, where the duchess, with tears in her eyes, showed him an ugly little monkey, apparently in great agony, lying on elegant cushions and almost buried in lovely laces. The doctor felt thoroughly disgusted at being called upon to act as a monkey's doctor. He felt the monkey's pulse in silence, examined it with attention, and soon recognized the nature of its illness; then, perceiving the lady's grandson in a corner of the drawing-room rolling about on the carpet, he advanced toward the child, examined him also, felt his pulse, and, returning to the duchess, said to her in a grave manner: "Madam, your two sons are suffering from indigestion. By drinking tea and living on a plain diet they will soon recover." And, bowing profoundly to the stupefied duchess, the doctor retired, avenged.

His Dream Interpreted.

A laborer at the Dundee harbor lately told his wife, on awakening, a curious dream which he had had during the night. He dreamed that he saw coming toward him in order four rats. The first one was very fat, and was followed by two lean rats, the rear rat being blind. The dreamer was greatly perplexed as to what evil might follow, as it has long been understood that to dream of rats denotes coming calamity. He appealed to his wife concerning this, but she, poor woman, could not help him. His son, a sharp lad, who heard his father tell the story, volunteered to be interpreter. "The fat rat," said he, "is the man who keeps the public house that ye gang till sae often, and the twa lean anes are me and my mither, and the blind ane is yersel' faither."

Ignorance of the Bible.

Few things are more discouraging to the Sunday school teacher who has a class of young men and women, belonging often to Christian families, than the ignorance of these pupils concerning the most common facts and truths of the Bible. Only last Sabbath a pupil who was a High school graduate, says the *Congregationalist*, when asked for a reference in Ephesians, turned to the Old Testament to find the book; and when asked its author replied, "Isaiah." A member of another class, who had been through the Boston public schools, said that Christ's earthly life was spent in Egypt! These are representative cases. Whose is the fault, and what is the remedy? —*Boston Traveller.*

A Noble Death.

St. Peter (sternly)—What good did you ever do in this world?

Mrs. McFlimsy—II Why, St. Peter, what a question! I am a Christian martyr. I danced myself to death at a charity ball.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiar to itself and superior to all other preparations in strength, economy, and medicinal merit.

Women and Doctors.

She was very sick, and her husband sent for the doctor. I think that ladies have so little to do nowadays that it is a kind of way they have of amusing themselves—getting sick and sending for the doctor. I don't believe we will ever have female doctors to any extent. If we do, it will be mainly for children. Men will never take kindly to female doctors. I suppose it may be an unjust opinion, but I can't fancy a man being very spoony with a doctor. There is a distinct prejudice in mankind against a woman who has anything of a practical nature except about the house. He doesn't mind if she can hang pictures and nail down carpets and sew on buttons, but a scientific woman is always viewed with suspicion. A male doctor, for instance, continues Miss Fay in the San Francisco *Examiner* always says it is the liver or the stomach: a female doctor would probably say it was the heart, and she would very often be right. The ladies don't want a female doctor. It is in some cases the only chance they have of seeing a man when they are sick. However, the doctor was called in, and, of course, immediately wrote out a prescription. It was for some pills, to be taken every third day. He came again the next morning.

"Well, did you take the pills?"

"No, doctor; the three days are not up until Wednesday."

Elementary Substances.

The fact that the elementary substances now number, according to chemists, full 70 shows an increase within the last 50 years of nearly one-fourth in the number known. The size of an atom of oxygen or nitrogen is said to have a diameter of one-ten-millionth part of a centimeter; they are supposed to be in a state of constant motion at the rate of 70 miles a minute, and to make them visible to the present highest known magnifying power of the microscope would have to be increased nearly a thousand fold.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick head ache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

HER ONE FAULT.

She could talk in Greek and Hebrew,
Most delicious tea could she brew.
She could play on the piano and could bake
the lightest bread,
She could sit and fit her dresses,
On no pug she showered caresses,
And she never paid attention to a word the
gossips said.

She was apt in conversation,
She could point each constellation,
And in mazy mathematics she could do the
hardest sum.
She could versify in jinsle
That would make your ear-drum tingle,
She could sing, she danced divinely, but she
would chew gum.

—*Merchant Traveller.*

POOR JOE'S JIGGERS.

Awful Wreck of a Young Man's Mind Caused by Counting Sheep.

"What's the matter with your friend?" asked a San Francisco reporter of a young man with a broad white hat, corduroy trousers, and a woolen shirt, who was trying to induce his companion, similarly clad, to move on.

"He's got the sheep jiggers."

"The sheep jiggers? What's that?" demanded the questioner.

"Why, ye see, in our business we have to count our sheep twice a day—mornin' and night. Joe, here—Sheepherder Joe, he's called up in the Pine Creek country—he's been tending a bunch of nigh on to 6,000 sheep, and it has purty near druv him clean daft a countin' of 'em so much.

"He scarcely gets time for anything else. Very often a sheepherder gets off his rabbeer on this account, and that's why we call it the sheep jiggers.

"Jist ye watch him a minute. Ye see, he's got ten little pebbles or jiggers in his right hand. Now he'll count from one up to a hundred, and then he'll pass one of them jiggers into his left hand. When he gits all of the jiggers into his left hand that will make 1,000, and he'll cut a notch in the rim of his hat or his boot heel.

"Didn't ye never notice the notches cut in the rim of a sheep buckaroo's hat? That's what it means.

"When Joe gits a thousand counted he counts another thousand and passes the jiggers back into his right hand, and keeps on back and forth all day if we let him."

Here the young man took off his hat, cut a neat notch in the brim with his jackknife, put it back on his head and resumed counting.

"Poor Joe!" said his companion. "We brought him down here thinkin' the life and bustle of the city might help him, but it's no use. He stands like ye see him all day long and counts people for sheep, just the same as if he was on the Madaline plains.

"What's that? Did I ever have the jiggers? Well, yes; once. I was out in the foothills of the Siskiyou range, workin' for Dan Wheeler, and I had no much trouble with sheep and underbrush that I used to count my bunch of sheep three times a day. I didn't have no time for any thing else, and it mighty near took me off my base.

"I could see sheep a jumpin' over the bars night and day, and could hear their eternal blat ringing in my head like 'Bow Jangle's March' on a hand organ. I couldn't do nothin' but count, count, count, and when I got through I couldn't tell how much it came to. Everything looked like sheep. The beans looked like little sheep, and the hills looked like big sheep.

"The tin cups and the fryin' pan looked like sheep. My Dutch oven looked like a fat sheep, and the knives and forks looked like lean sheep.

"The clouds and the stars looked like sheep, and the moon stood over me at night like a big bell wether and made me count him a million times until my head fairly cracked.

"It was sheep, sheep everywhere and no relief. Oh, it was awful!" and the young man, with closed eyes, pressed his hands to his throbbing head and groaned as he recalled that dreadful experience.

"How did I cure it? Went into town and got bilin' drunk."

When the reporter left poor Joe was still standing in the same place counting the people as they passed and changing the "jiggers" from one hand to the other.

WHITE HOUSE RETAINERS.

Some of Them Have Remained Through Several Administrations.

There are about 20 servants at the White house. They are mostly negroes. Their salaries are paid by the government. Mr. Cleveland has retained most of those whom he found there, although he has changed cooks several times. His present cook is a French chef named Paul Resal. Two negro women operate the laundry. They have been there through several administrations and are experts. Hawkins, the White house coachman, is an important personage. He used to live with the famous Carroll family of Maryland. Gen. Grant brought him to Washington and he will probably be retained by Gen. Harrison. Simmons, who guards the door of the office of the President's private secretary, has been in the White House since Lincoln's time. He is thrifty. His wife operates a laundry, and the couple have saved money and are now pretty well off. The housekeeper is from Albany, and went to Washington with Mr. Cleveland. Mrs. Cleveland has two white maids, both from New York. Mrs. Harrison will bring her own maids with her, and Mrs. Cleveland will return with hers to New York. There is a change of cooks with every new President. Gen. Harrison eats very plain food. He is fond of corn bread and boiled dishes, a habit coming from his Virginian ancestors. It is said he will take a cook with him from Indianapolis.

THE OLD SETTLER.

He Rebukes Some Presumption of Peleg's By Telling Him a Story.

"Grandpop," said little Peleg, "do you remember a story you told me back about New Year's time? A real good one it was, grandpop," said Peleg, diplomatically.

"'Bout New Year's time, did ye say, sonny?" replied the Old Settler, pleasantly.

"Lemme see—were it nat'ral hist'ry?"

"Well, there was an elk in it," said Peleg.

"Aha! an elk, hay?" exclaimed the Old Settler, nodding approvingly. "Were I a-lammin' of him good? Did I rassel him an' thump him till he bellered an' bawled? Or were he a jabbin' of me inter the ground hisself, a foot or two at ev'ry jab? An elk, Peleg, hain't ez gentle ez a suckin' dove when he pitches inter ye W'ich were on top, sonny, an' likeliest to be cock o' the walk? Me or the elk?"

"You was, grandpop, for you was riding him," replied Peleg.

"Oh! Jist takin' a leetle elk-back spin 'round the kentry, hay?" said the Old Settler. "I hat were jist like me, b'gosh!"

"No!" replied Peleg. "The elk was swimming. Don't you remember? You was telling me about a time when you and your mammy and your pop was nearly starved to death. There wasn't nothing in the house to eat, and at last you went out to ketch some eels. You got ketched in a flood, and the elk came along in the flood, and you jumped on its back and steered it right into your pop's cabin, and at the same time the flood washed down from way up the creek a tree full of apples right to the cabin door, and you and your pop and your mammy lived high on elk meat and apple pie. That's what the story was about, grandpop. Do you remember it now?"

"Ruther!" said the Old Settler.

"Before you brung in the elk and the apples you didn't have nothing in the cabin to eat at all, did you, grandpop?"

"Not even a white bean, b'gosh!"

"Not as much as a little flower or corn meal or buckwheat?"

"Ye k'd ha' stuck ev'ry drop o' flour, corn meal an' buckwhit th' was in the cabin inter a 'skeeter's eye, an' it wouldn't ha' started a tear."

"But after you fetched in that elk and apples you had apple pie, didn't you?"

"B'gosh! Ain't a apple pie it were, too. No woman ez ever lived k'd beat my ol' mammy makin' apple pie, Peleg."

"Well, I've been wondering a good while, prandpop."

"Hev ye, sonny? An' w'at hez been the hets o' yer wonderin'?"

"I've been wondering, grandpop, what your mammy could have made her pie crust out of," said Peleg, not without digesting on his chair.

The Old Settler's smile gradually left his face. He stroked his chin a while, and then lit his pipe. After a few emphatic whiffs he looked at Peleg.

"Peleg," said he, severely, "Bill Simmons hez been helpin' ye 'long a consid'able with yer wonderin', or else human natur is differ'nt fum w'at I think it is!"

"No, grandpop!" exclaimed Peleg. "I thunk it up all by myself!"

The Old Settler smoked in silence for so long a time that Peleg could scarcely bear the suspense. At last his grandfather spoke.

"I b'lieve, Peleg," said the Old Settler, "th't ye hain't never had a tame crow. Yer hed the measles, an' yer worked up a consid'able o' stone bruises on yer heel. Yer gran'mammy has made ye set pooty reg'lar an' listen to Brother Van Slocum of a Sunday, an' 'casionly of an evenin' yew hed to git the best o' the mulsipulcation table, and yew hed to git it on both sides to wunst. But ye never hed a tame crow.

"A boy, Peleg, who has had a tame crow to contend agin', an' hez contended agin' it an' yit grow'd up to a man an' a gran'father, is a boy, b'gosh, sech ez don't happen often. W'en I were a boy in the Sugar Swamp deestric' I hed two tame crows an' contended agin' 'em. Wuther I ever grow'd up to be a man an' a gran'father, it hain't fer me to say. W'en I were a boy, one day ez I were roamin' in the woods, I see a crow's nest in th' top of a tall dead pine tree. Now, I couldn't see wuther th' were anything in the nest or not, an' fer all I know'd it mow't ha' been a las' year's crow's nest, an' most ev'rybody knows th't a las' year's crow's nest hain't much more 'n valu'ble piece o' property than an empty jug ten miles t'm a tavern. But I wa'n't chopped outen the kind o' stuff th't were gointer let me slide by that tree 'thout findin' out wuther the nest were a las' year's or a this year's, an' so I jist climb c'oan to the top o' the pine to see. Wull, the nest were this year's, an' it had in it two young crows, 'most ready to fly out an' be teached th't the only harm in scarecrows is th't they're li'ble to break down if too many crows lights on 'em to wunst, an' that th' only thing th' is in life fer a crow is cussedness, an' th' he must alluz hev that cussedness onmixed. I made up my mind right out th't I'd jist save these two young crows I'm disgustful fatur, an' so I sifted 'em outen the nest, slid down the tree an' lugged the youngsters hum.

"Ye mebbe don't know th't if ye slit a crow's tongue w'en the varmint is young it'll l'arn to talk ez glib ez a lightn

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

European Rulers and Religions.

C. T., Wooster, O.: The rulers and religions of the countries you name are as follows:

France—Sadi-Carnot (President)—Catholic.
Spain—Alfonso XIII (King)—Catholic.
Portugal—Louis I (King)—Catholic.
Italy—Humbert I (King)—Catholic.
Switzerland—Bernard Hammer (President)—Protestant.
Turkey—Abdul Hamid II (Sultan)—Mohammedan.
Austro-Hungary—Josef I (Emperor)—Catholic.
Russia—Alexander III (Czar)—Greek.
Belgium—Leopold II (King)—Catholic.
Netherlands—William III (King)—Absolute freedom of religion.
Denmark—Christian IX (King)—Lutheran.
Sweden and Norway—Oscar II (King)—Lutheran.
Greece—Georgios I (King)—Greek.

Union Losses in the Rebellion.

T. H., Carlisle, Ind.: The losses to the Union armies, during the rebellion, as compiled by Adjutant General Drum, in 1885, were as follows:

	Officers.	Men.
Killed in action	4,142	62,916
Died of wounds	2,223	40,789
Died of disease	2,795	221,791
Total	9,584	349,944
Grand total, 359,528.		

What Day of the Week?

Quite a number of queries have recently been addressed to the Question Bureau, inquiring upon what day of the week certain dates fell. For the information of these queries, and our readers generally, we give, below, a table, from which the day of the week can be found for any date from 1801 to 1900, inclusive—that is, any date in the nineteenth century. We hope that all readers will preserve it, as it can not be reprinted, and hereafter no queries of this nature will be answered, but all will be referred to this table:

TABLE TO FIND THE DAY OF THE WEEK FOR ANY DATE FROM 1801 TO 1900.

Years 1801 to 1900.	Jan.	Feb.	March	April	May	June	July	August	Sept.	October	Nov.	Dec.
1801 1807 1818 1829 1835 1846 1857 1863 1874 1885 1891	4	7	7	3	5	1	3	6	2	4	7	2
1802 1813 1819 1830 1841 1847 1858 1869 1875 1886 1897	5	1	1	4	6	2	4	7	3	5	1	3
1803 1814 1825 1831 1842 1853 1859 1870 1881 1887 1898	6	2	2	5	7	3	5	1	4	6	2	4
1805 1811 1822 1833 1839 1850 1861 1867 1878 1889 1895	2	5	5	1	3	6	1	4	7	2	5	7
1806 1817 1823 1834 1845 1851 1862 1876 1879 1890.....	3	6	6	2	4	7	2	5	1	3	6	1
1809 1815 1826 1837 1843 1854 1865 1871 1882 1893 1899	7	3	3	6	1	4	6	2	5	7	3	5
1810 1821 1827 1838 1849 1855 1866 1877 1883 1894 1900	1	4	4	7	2	5	7	3	6	1	4	6
LEAP YEARS. 29												
1804 1832 1860 1888	7	3	4	7	2	5	7	3	6	1	4	6
1808 1836 1864 1892	5	1	2	5	7	3	5	1	4	6	2	4
1812 1840 1868 1896	3	6	7	3	5	1	3	6	2	4	7	2
1816 1844 1872.....	1	4	5	1	3	6	1	4	7	2	5	7
1820 1848 1876.....	6	2	3	6	1	4	6	2	5	7	3	5
1824 1852 1880.....	4	7	1	4	6	2	4	7	3	5	1	3
1828 1856 1884.....	2	5	6	2	4	7	2	5	1	3	6	1

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Monday... 1	Tuesday.. 1	Wed'sday 1	Thursday.. 1	Friday.... 1	Saturday.. 1	Sunday.... 1
Tuesday... 2	Wed'sday 2	Thursday. 2	Friday.... 2	Saturday.. 2	Sunday.... 2	Monday.... 2
Wed'sday 3	Thursday. 3	Friday.... 3	Saturday.. 3	Sunday.... 3	Monday.... 3	Tuesday... 3
Thursday. 4	Friday.... 4	Saturday.. 4	Sunday.... 4	Monday.... 4	Tuesday... 4	Wed'sday 4
Friday.... 5	Saturday.. 5	Sunday.... 5	Monday.... 5	Tuesday... 5	Wed'sday 5	Thursday. 5
Saturday.. 6	Sunday.... 6	Monday.... 6	Tuesday... 6	Wed'sday 6	Thursday. 6	Friday.... 6
Sunday.... 7	Monday.... 7	Tuesday... 7	Wed'sday 7	Thursday. 7	Friday.... 7	Saturday.. 7
Monday.... 8	Tuesday... 8	Wed'sday 8	Thursday. 8	Friday.... 8	Saturday.. 8	Sunday.... 8
Tuesday... 9	Wed'sday 9	Thursday. 9	Friday.... 9	Saturday.. 9	Sunday.... 9	Monday.... 9
Wed'sday 10	Thursday. 10	Friday.... 10	Saturday.. 10	Sunday.... 10	Monday.... 10	Tuesday... 10
Thursday. 11	Friday.... 11	Saturday.. 11	Sunday.... 11	Monday.... 11	Tuesday... 11	Wed'sday 11
Friday.... 12	Saturday.. 12	Sunday.... 12	Monday.... 12	Tuesday... 12	Wed'sday 12	Thursday. 12
Saturday.. 13	Sunday.... 13	Monday.... 13	Tuesday... 13	Wed'sday 13	Thursday. 13	Friday.... 13
Sunday.... 14	Monday.... 14	Tuesday... 14	Wed'sday 14	Thursday. 14	Friday.... 14	Saturday.. 14
Monday.... 15	Tuesday... 15	Wed'sday 15	Thursday. 15	Friday.... 15	Saturday.. 15	Sunday.... 15
Tuesday... 16	Wed'sday 16	Thursday. 16	Friday.... 16	Saturday.. 16	Sunday.... 16	Monday.... 16
Wed'sday 17	Thursday. 17	Friday.... 17	Saturday.. 17	Sunday.... 17	Monday.... 17	Tuesday... 17
Thursday. 18	Friday.... 18	Saturday.. 18	Sunday.... 18	Monday.... 18	Tuesday... 18	Wed'sday 18
Friday.... 19	Saturday.. 19	Sunday.... 19	Monday.... 19	Tuesday... 19	Wed'sday 19	Thursday. 19
Saturday.. 20	Sunday.... 20	Monday.... 20	Tuesday... 20	Wed'sday 20	Thursday. 20	Friday.... 20
Sunday.... 21	Monday.... 21	Tuesday... 21	Wed'sday 21	Thursday. 21	Friday.... 21	Saturday.. 21
Monday.... 22	Tuesday... 22	Wed'sday 22	Thursday. 22	Friday.... 22	Saturday.. 22	Sunday.... 22
Tuesday... 23	Wed'sday 23	Thursday. 23	Friday.... 23	Saturday.. 23	Sunday.... 23	Monday.... 23
Wed'sday 24	Thursday. 24	Friday.... 24	Saturday.. 24	Sunday.... 24	Monday.... 24	Tuesday... 24
Thursday. 25	Friday.... 25	Saturday.. 25	Sunday.... 25	Monday.... 25	Tuesday... 25	Wed'sday 25
Friday.... 26	Saturday.. 26	Sunday.... 26	Monday.... 26	Tuesday... 26	Wed'sday 26	Thursday. 26
Saturday.. 27	Sunday.... 27	Monday.... 27	Tuesday... 27	Wed'sday 27	Thursday. 27	Friday.... 27
Sunday.... 28	Monday.... 28	Tuesday... 28	Wed'sday 28	Thursday. 28	Friday.... 28	Saturday.. 28
Monday.... 29	Tuesday... 29	Wed'sday 29	Thursday. 29	Friday.... 29	Saturday.. 29	Sunday.... 29
Tuesday... 30	Wed'sday 30	Thursday. 30	Friday.... 30	Saturday.. 30	Sunday.... 30	Monday.... 30
Wed'sday 31	Thursday. 31	Friday.... 31	Saturday.. 31		Monday.... 31	Tuesday... 31

Subscriber, Altoona, Pa., asks on what day of the week February 14, 1867, fell. By finding 1867 in the upper part of the table, running across to the right and following the column headed "Feb." to find the figure 5 will be found. Looking in the column below, under the figure 5, the 14th is found to come on Thursday.

J. M. C., Lake, Pa., asks two such questions: 1.—"Was born March 17, 1836. In which of the two years was it?" 1836 was a leap year. Going to the right along the line in which the year occurs to the column headed "March," the figure 2 is found. Looking in column 2 below, we find the 17th come on Thursday. 2.—"My wife was born April 2, 1835; what day of the week?" Find 1835 in the table; pass along that line to the right to the column headed "April," and you will find the figure 3. Look in the column headed 3 below, and you will find that the 2d came on Thursday.

Duties of the Cabinet Officers.

F. L., Martin, Mich.: The secretary of State has charge of the government's foreign affairs, attends to office correspondence with our ministers, and negotiations with representatives of foreign governments here; he negotiates all treaties, etc. He is the medium of official correspondence between the President and the governors of the states. He issues all passports, publishes the laws and resolutions of Congress, amendments to the constitution, Presidential proclamations, etc. He has custody of the great seal of the United States, and affixes it, with his countersign, to all executive proclamations, various commissions, etc.

The secretary of the Treasury has the management of the nation's finances. He prepares plans for raising revenue, superintends its collection, and exercises general control of all public money. He also controls the construction of public buildings; the coinage of money; printing of bonds and notes; collection of statistics; the coast survey, the life-saving, lighthouse, revenue cutter, steamboat inspection, and marine hospital branches of the public service, and many other matters.

The secretary of War has control of the army, the supervision of the purchase of army supplies, transportation, etc.; control of the Military academy at West Point; national cemeteries, the Mississippi River commission, and many other minor duties.

The secretary of the Navy has general superintendence of the navy, its construction, manning, armament, equipment and employment.

The Postmaster General has direction and control of the mails; appoints all fourth-class postmasters, and all officers and employes of the department, except the three Assistant Postmaster Generals, who are appointed by the President, and directs the management of the foreign and domestic mail service.

The secretary of the Interior has charge of the Patent-office; of pension and bounty lands; of the public lands; of railroads granted to aid the Indians; of education, railroads, the public surveys; of the census; the custody and distribution of public documents; and exercises certain powers and duties in relation to the territories.

The Attorney General is the legal adviser of the government. He represents the United States in all matters involving legal questions; gives his opinion on questions of law when requested by the President or heads of departments; exercises direction over all United States attorneys and marshals, etc.

The secretary of Agriculture collects and publishes useful information on all subjects connected with agriculture, etc. His duties were given in full in our Washington news a few weeks ago.

The "State of Franklin."

J. S. O., Bissell, Pa.: 1.—The "order of Cincinnati" was a society established by the officers of the Revolutionary army in 1783, "to perpetuate their friendship, and to raise a fund for relieving the widows and orphans of those who had fallen during the war." 2.—The so-called "state of Franklin" was in what is now East Tennessee. When North Carolina ceded to the United States her western lands, in 1784, the people of East Tennessee took offense at being thus disposed of, and met in December of that year and formed what they called the "state of Franklin." It was never recognized, and collapsed entirely before 1798. 3.—There was a dispute between this country and Great Britain as to the northwest boundary. The United States claimed the territory up to the parallel of 54 deg. 40 min. north latitude, and "fifty-four forty or fight" meant that we would insist on that boundary, if we had to go to war. In 1846 the negotiations ended by fixing the boundary at the 49th parallel, far south of that of 54.40.

National Finance.

Republican, Merrill, Kan.: 1.—The reason national bank notes are not a tender for private debts is that they are not issued by the United States, and Congress has no power under the constitution to make private notes a legal tender. Remember, a national bank note is a promise to pay, made by a private corporation. The United States does not promise to pay the amount of the note; it simply guarantees the payment. It is the same as an endorser on the note. It holds bonds belonging to the bank to cover the circulation of that bank's notes; and these notes are not, like the greenback, a promise of the United States to pay money. 2.—The trade dollar was coined for circulation in China and the East Indies, in the hope it would take the place of the Mexican dollar. It failed of its object, and this country was flooded with them. They not being a full legal tender, they became an object of speculation, in the hope that Congress would give them a legal tender quality. Their issue was a huge mistake, and Congress rectified it by calling them in. 3.—The greenback circulation is $346,681,016, and none can be legally issued in excess of that amount.

Josephus's Allusion to Christ.

W. C., Columbus, O.: The following allusion to Christ, which appears in many old editions of Josephus's works, is not in the original. It first appeared in the time of Eusebius, who died about A. D. 340. Niebuhr calls this Father "a detestable falsifier." It is settled that Josephus did not write the passage as we have it. It occurs in "Jewish Antiquities," xviii, 3, 3:

"About this time was Jesus, a wise man, if it be lawful to call him a man. For he was the performer of divers admirable works, and the instructor of those who willingly entertain the truth; and he drew unto him divers Jews and Greeks. He was [believed to be] the Christ, who being accused by the princes of our nation before Pilate; and afterward condemned to the cross by him; yet did not those who followed him from the beginning; forbear to love him for the [remainder of his death]. For he appeared to them alive the third day after, according as the divine prophets had before testified the same, and divers other wonderful things of him; and from that time forward the race of the Christians, who have derived their name from him, hath never ceased."

Regular Army Recruits.

E. M., Prospect, Pa.: The following are regular army requirements: For the infantry, men must not be less than five feet four inches in height, and must not weigh less than 120 or more than 190 pounds. For the cavalry, the weight limit is from 128 to 165 pounds. All recruits must be physically sound, and must be of good character. The pay of privates is $13 a month, besides rations and shelter. The allowance for clothing is $200 for a term of five years, out of which something can be saved. Men can not enlist for less than five years.

"Soap Root" Again.

A. T. L., of Greenwood, Cal., writes: "Soap root grows on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains. The root is something like an onion, but the outside layers turn to a fibre 4 to 10 inches long. It has been extensively gathered, baled, and sent to San Francisco, where there is a factory which cures it and sells it as 'Eureka hair.' It has been worth as high as $50 per ton, delivered on the C. P. R. R. It makes an excellent substitute for curled hair."

C. B., Medicine Lodge, Kan., writes also: "Soap weed remains green all winter, and in the spring it sends up several stalks, each having a number of bell-shaped flowers. The root is about two feet in length, and, with its branch roots, weighs from two to six pounds. Its roots can easily be sliced, and can be bought at any well-stocked drug store, as "soap chips." It is much used in washing delicate fabrics, gloves, ribbon and woolen goods. It is excellent for all washing purposes, but too expensive for common clothes."

J. E. M., Reynoldsville, Pa., says: "O. K., Mowequa, Ill., is mistaken. It is the root, and not the leaves, of the soap root that the Indians make use of for soap. I lived among the Mexicans and Indians ten years, and was well acquainted with the use of the soap weed."

Miscellaneous.

E. R. B., Stockville, Neb.: We do not know the author's name.

G. W. B., Brocton, N. Y.: See "Temple of Delphi," in BUREAU of Feb. 14.

D. O. Q., Adel, Iowa: See "Religions of the World," in BUREAU of Feb. 14.

J. F., Higgins, Tex.: Your question about carp has been handed to the FARM editor.

J. W. O., Stanford, Ill.: We never heard of the book. Get some bookseller to endeavor to find it for you.

W. M. S., Doniphan, Mo.: The 1840 Harrison medals are common. Many hundreds are yet in existence.

F. W. B., Manhattan, Kas.: We cannot answer, for two reasons: First, we don't know; second, see Rule 3.

G. S. Phillips, 103 Wisconsin st., Milwaukee, Wis.: We do not publish requests for correspondence by "jolly girls."

H. S., Sundance, Wyo.: The pensions officials say Private Dalzell is mistaken. See QUESTION BUREAU of Jan. 24.

W. W. M., Kincaid, Kan.: There are women employed as instructors in a number of colleges in this country. See Rule 3 above.

N. H. L., Corning, Kan.: 1.—We never heard the statement made. 2.—The population of Springfield, Ill., was 9,320 in 1860.

L. C. P., Lismore, La.: 1.—Brigham Young had 17 wives. 2.—John A. Young is yet living. We do not know the number of his wives.

J. A. D., Fentana, Kan.: Your queries concerning carp, etc., have been handed to the FARM editor, as they belong to his department.

W. H. C., Gillespie, Ill.: Your query is answered on the editorial (4th) page.

Mrs. J., Liberty Pole, Wis.: It is always proper to offer your all-night guests the privilege of retiring, without waiting for a request.

S. A. L., Denton, Tex.: As we understand the Oklahoma bill, it will require three years' occupation and cultivation to obtain 100 acres at $1.25 per acre, and there is no exception in favor of soldiers.

D. H. W., Utica, Minn.: Thanks. We cannot publish, however, as it would be an advertisement. If he wishes to reach the BLADE readers, he must go into the advertising columns, and pay for it.

A. C. Salisbury, Vt.: We are not familiar with the laws of your state and of Massachusetts. Write to your state senator or representative for information as to Vermont, and to the state superintendent of instruction at Boston, Mass.

M. J. D., Canton, Minn.: The legal weights per bushel of different grains and seeds vary in different states. We have nothing at hand which gives the legal weight of millet seed per bushel in your state. Ask your county auditor, or some lawyer.

Mr. R., Pleasant Plain, Iowa: In making rubber stamps, a plaster mold of the type is taken, and dried thoroughly by heat. Then prepared sheet rubber is laid on its face, and by a screw press driven into the mold. It is then heated sufficiently to vulcanize it. 2.—We are not familiar with the method of making celluloid cuts and plates for printing.

A. S., Wanda, Ill.: The Eiffel tower has been described in the BLADE. It will probably be allowed to remain permanently. We think the funds for its construction are part of those provided for the exposition this summer, which foot up a total of $10,000,000.

J. A. B., ——: We must decline to publish discussions on religious topics, as they always elicit replies, which have to be published in fairness, and this involves too much space. We tried that years ago, and then formed the rule that such discussions must be excluded.

——, Weston, O.: Cider, boiled or unboiled, canned or open, is intoxicating if alcohol has formed in it, and is non-intoxicating if it has not. Fresh cider contains sugar, and this, by chemical change, is turned into alcohol. The boiling and sealing up is intended to prevent this change. If well done, it does so.

T. F. S., Covington, Ind.: We do not know what is "the largest book in the world," nor what you mean by the largest—whether you refer to the number of words, number of pages, or general size of the volume. 2.—Will some comrade inform us, for publication, why the 1st Indiana regiment was numbered the 6th?

J. B., ——, Neb.: 1.—In French, "north" is *nord*, "east" is *est*, "south" is *sud*, and "west" is *ouest*. (There is no letter W in the French alphabet.) 2.—General Zachary Taylor was nicknamed "Old Rough and Ready" by his soldiers because he was careless in his dress, brusque in manner, and always ready for battle or march.

L. B. C., Ind.: Your questions have been answered within the last two or three weeks. A bill is now pending in Congress authorizing the next census to be taken in 1890. The census takers are U. S. deputy marshals, appointed by the marshals of the different United States districts and courts. The fee, which is so many cents per name, will be fixed by the bill now pending.

E. H., Bartlett, Dak.: Fishes and amphibian reptiles will withstand very low temperature. Instances are on record where fishes have been frozen in ice for hours, and yet revived after it had melted. It is not probable that the heart stops entirely. 2. The Mississippi falls about 1,575 feet from its source to its mouth, and it is 2,616 miles long. 3. The Missouri brings down more water than the Upper Mississippi.

I. H. M., Doyle, Tenn.: 1.—You will find a full description of Oklahoma on the 5th page of the Weekly BLADE of February 7. 2.—Lighthouse keepers are appointed by the secretary of the Treasury, on the recommendation of the Lighthouse board. 3.—It is impossible to give the signal service predictions in the Weekly, as they are only made for 24 hours, and would be of no value by the time they reach our readers.

E. H., Missoula, Mont.: James Russell Lowell was appointed U. S. minister to England in 1879. His literary reputation made him welcome there, and he received the appointment as Lord Rector of St. Andrews' University, Edinburgh, but soon resigned it. This is an honorary office, and did not require any work.) In 1885 he was replaced as U. S. minister by Mr. Phelps, and returned home to Boston, where he now lives.

J. C., Spearfish, Dak.: It was recorded as a fact in the Army of the Potomac, where there were no negroes, the regiments recruited entirely from cities, that the city-bred men stood long marches better, were subject to less disorders, and recovered from gun-shot wounds more readily than country-bred men. It is not easy to say why this was so, but the fact is incontrovertible. 2 Tin ore exists in Mexico, and probably elsewhere in the United States than Dakota, but no mines have been developed yet.

C., White, Mich.: 1.—Three leading American poets—Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier; statesmen—Jefferson, Hamilton, Lincoln; orators—Webster, Patrick Henry, Ingersoll; financiers—Cornelius Vanderbilt, Cyrus W. Field, Jay Gould; divines—Dr. McCosh, Jonathan Edwards, Henry Ward Beecher. We simply give the names that occur first to us. Who are the greatest, is a matter of opinion, and we will not express opinions on such matters. 2.—We do not recognize the article you mention.

M. J. Ligonier, Ind.: 1.—A planchette is a heart-shaped thin board, mounted on two wheels at the wide portion, and a lead pencil through a hole near the point. When placed on a sheet of paper on a level surface, it may be made to write by lightly resting the fingers on the board, after a little practice. It is an amusing toy, but has been used by charlatans to give pretended "spirit" communications. 2.—Ordinary class beads are moulded. 3.—Rev. E. P. Roe is dead. He was a Congregationalist, we think.

C. E. P., East Sound, W. T., asks: "Will water, under the same head, develop more power at night than in the day time—and if so, why?" It is generally believed by engineers that with steady water power, day and night, that the same gate of water gives more power in the night than in the day. If it be true, which we doubt, the only reason appears to be that the water is warmer during the day, and therefore a little lighter. We should be glad to have more light on the point from some experienced or scientific person.

R. F., Indianapolis: 1.—We think the right of female suffrage in Kansas is restricted to voters for city and county offices. 2.—Access to another state to procure a divorce, the wife must be notified by advertisement in the papers where the divorce is applied for. If he gets a divorce without her knowledge, it might be possible for her to have the decree reversed, on a proper presentation of facts. No doubt many divorces are so obtained, but it is a matter that will, sooner or later, be stopped by uniformity in divorce and marriage laws.

——, Miller's O.: You misconceive the definition of an *ex post facto* law. It applies only to criminal jurisprudence, and is simply a law that makes a past act criminal which was not so when committed. The probibition in the constitution of such laws in the national constitution simply was to prevent the persecution of persons by the making of laws to punish them for past acts. Hence it has no sort of relation to the matter you appear to have in mind. It is not true that an *ex post facto* law is one that is retroactive. That definition is too broad.

M. D. K., Homer, Neb.: 1.—The children of a deceased heir have a right to that heir's share of an estate. In your case, where there were two heirs, and you the only child of one (now dead), you are entitled to one-half the entire estate. Consult a good lawyer. 2.—By the census of 1880, the persons of 10 years old and upward, unable to read, were 6.9 per cent; of the population of New Mexico unable to write, 65 per cent. This was the highest per cent of illiterates. In Iowa, only 2.4 per cent were unable to read; in Wyoming, 3.4 per cent were unable to write. These were the lowest percentages of illiterates.

M. H., Snyder's Mill, W. Va.: 1.—St. Valentine was a Christian martyr, beheaded at Rome A. D. 270. Wheatley says that he was a man so famous for his love and charity that the custom of choosing valentine or lover arose from it. 2.—The reason that Easter is not a fixed festival is because the exact date could not be determined, and the Eastern and Western churches celebrated it on different days. Finally, at a general council of the church, the present mode of determining it was adopted as a compromise. 3.—Louis Agassiz was one of the most famous natural sts in the world.

H. J. N., Ft. Morgan, Colo.: 1.—If a man commits larceny, and flies to Canada, he can be arrested and extradited; but he can not for embezzlement, because our treaty with Great Britain does not mention that among extraditable offenses. 2.—The word Viking does not mean a kind of king, but is from the Scandinavian word *vik*, a bay; and they were called vikings because they did not sail from a lawful harbor, but from secluded bays and fjords. They were simply pirates, who infested the coasts of Great Britain and France in the 9th, 10th and 11th centuries. 3.—"Dighton rock" is 10½ feet long, 6½ feet wide, and 21 inches thick. It lies on the shore near Dighton, Mass., and is covered with water except at low tide. A few characters and figures, and a canoe, are rudely cut on it. Nobody knows who did it, and nobody can tell what it means. Some think that Norsemen did it, and others that it was the Indians. The matter can never be decided.

C. E. P., Savannah, Minn.: 1.—The Bermuda Islands were named from Bermudez, a Spaniard, who first sighted them in 1527. Sir George Somers was shipwrecked on them in 1609, which led to their being colonized from Virginia; and they are called by some the Somers Islands. 2.—John Hancock was born in Massachusetts in 1737; was a leading spirit of the Revolution; President of the Provincial Congress which met in May, 1774; of Continental Congress, 1775-77, and hence was the first to sign his name to the Declaration of Independence; governor of Massachusetts, 1780-85, and 1787-93; died in 1793. 3.—We've not room, besides, those matters are found in cyclopedias and histories.

L. D. D., Erie, Pa.: 1.—Since 1882 the effects of the English government have simply been a continuation of the senseless policy of force. There is a growing sentiment in Great Britain in favor of Home Rule, however, and these years of agitation will continue until the sense of justice of the English people is aroused and they elect a Parliament which will grant it. Of course, there are many of the horrible acts committed by the Irish people, to meet what they rightly regard as oppression, and which militate against the progress of their cause. 2.—The Irish race (celtic) is by no means deficient in men of intellectual eminence. It has produced many orators and poets, and many others who have attained eminence in literature have Celtic blood in their veins.

D. E. A., Battle Creek, Iowa: 1.—Graphite, plumbago, or black lead, is a soft lead in fact at all. It is a form of carbon, mixed with more or less alumina, silica, lime, iron, etc. It is found generally in masses; is grayish-black in color, a somewhat metallic luster, greasy to the touch, a perfect conductor of electricity. Its chief uses are for making lead-pencils, stove-polish, and as a lubricant for heavy machinery. It is chiefly found in England, Siberia and Missouri. 2.—The Mediterranean is part of the "high seas," and the dominion of its bordering countries only extends for three geographical miles from the coast. 3.—Nothing is known of the interior of the Antarctic continent. The shores are bold and mountainous, and probably its entire surface is so. Its extent is not known. It is colder than the corresponding latitudes in the Arctic zone.

Some Wheat Figures.

	Bushels.
Estimated wheat crop, 1887	456,000,000
Estimated wheat crop, 1888	415,000,000
Estimated crop deficit, July 1, 1888	41,000,000
Export wheat (and flour) July 1, 1887, to February 16, 1888	87,500,000
Exports wheat (and flour) July 1, 1888, to February 16, 1889	58,000,000
Deficit in exports this crop to present date	29,500,000
Apparent crop deficit February 16, 1889	11,500,000
Crop deficit July 1, 1888, (as above)	41,000,000
Exports wheat and flour, July 1, 1887, to February 16, 1888	87,000,000
Exports wheat and flour, February 16, 1888, to July 1, 1888	32,000,000
Total exports crop year July 1, 1887, to July 1, 1888	119,000,000
Exports wheat and flour, July 1, 1888, to February 16, 1889	58,000,000
Estimated amount left for export	20,500,000
Estimated total exports crop year July 1, 1888, to July 1, 1889	78,500,000

The estimate for exports during balance of crop year is found by deducting present crop deficit, 11,500,000 bu. from exports of 32,000,000 during balance of season last year.

This 20,500,000 bu. is all we have to spare, leaving stocks July 1, 1889, same as July 1, 1888. But exports last week were 1,271,000 bu. and one preceding week about 1,200,000 bu. At this rate exports would be about 23,000,000 the next eighteen weeks, or 81,000,000 total, which is about the average statisticians have estimated. This would reduce stocks 3,000,000 bu. below last year.

The present visible is about 33,000,000, against 30,000,000 last year. Reduction is about 750,000 bu. weekly, against an average to July 1 last year of 900,000 bu. weekly. The visible July 1, 1888, was about 23,000,000, and this year will probably drop to 17,000,000 to 20,000,000. This may take place without serious disturbance of values provided crop outlook becomes very good.

Flour stocks are now about the same as last year. Receipts of wheat light and good milling demand. This tends to bring cash and May prices to a level, as receipts cannot improve much before May. The probable culmination of the Chicago corner within the next month also creates a demand in some localities for spot wheat to ship to that market.

Exports of this crop thus far have been from Pacific coast 24,190,000 bushels, and from Atlantic coast, 33,758,000 bushels. Fully half the estimated wheat left for export is already at Atlantic coast ports. The balance will consist of flour, so that the further shipments of wheat East are likely to take place before July or August next.

Good to be an Indian Citizen.

Citizenship among any of the five tribes of the Indian nation has a tangible cash value. The Cherokees, of whom there are between twenty thousand and twenty-five thousand, possess 11,000,000 acres of land, worth from $5 to $15 an acre, and have $2,500,000 in the hands of the United States government, from which they draw $142,000 yearly, beside a rental of $200,000 from the cattle companies. When a surplus accumulates it is divided among the citizens. About half the Cherokees are full-blooded, while the rest are of mixed Scotch and Irish blood, but white men cannot acquire citizenship now by simply marrying a Cherokee woman, as formerly. Sam Houston married a Cherokee; so did John Sevier, and so did numbers of Adamses, Rosses, and other leading families of the South.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A Real Irish Bull.

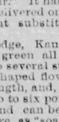
An English gentleman, talking with his Irish servant, said:

"It is a long time since you heard from your mother. Perhaps she is dead——"

"Oh, no, your honor," answered Pat, "she is not dead or she would let me know it."

An Appropriate Epitaph.

On the tombstone of the late Mr. Tightgrip appeared a bass-relief like this:



"That's old Tightgrip exactly," said Jones as he surveyed the monument; "he never ordered more than one beer at a time in his life."—*Terre Haute Express.*

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**THE GIFTS

TOLEDO BLADE.

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Circulation Last Week, 103,000.

A POINT IN THE DISCUSSION OF PROHIBITORY LEGISLATION.

The Rum Power's favorite argument against all legislation tending to curb the unrestricted traffic in liquid poison, or to wipe it out of existence, is the cry that "personal liberty" is endangered. To the shame of the friends of Prohibition be it said, the logical answer to this has not been brought as prominently forward as it should be, and hence is not as familiar in men's mouths as the "personal liberty" cry. It is, stated in terse form, simply that the Rum curse does not stop with the one man who indulges in it; its effects have a far wider range of influence. It unfavorably affects not only the man himself, but his family, his fellow-workmen or associates in business, and the entire body politic of which he is a member; and if a man is too weak or too depraved to stop the drink habit for his own sake, the state has a right to step in and exercise its authority in the interests of those who are injured thereby. Personal liberty ends where the liberty of others is infringed. A man has no right to do that which injures others.

A man may suffer injury in one of three ways: It may be his sole act; it may be solely the act of another; or it may be that which is brought about by his own folly, or passion, or appetite, but with the cooperation of other men, who make a livelihood off his injury by the vices which they nourish or to which they pander. In the first case, where the injury is solely his own, and no one else is affected by it, the state does not interfere. In the second, he has full recourse and remedy in the law; as, where a man is slandered by another. In the third case, there is a clear distinction apparent to every one between the citizen's vice and the occupation which cultivates it; and the state has no responsibility for the vice itself, but it has responsibility for that cultivation, and for the men who thus occupy themselves in its cultivation. This follows, because the man's personal morals, so long as they affect no other person, the state has no claim to correct; but when they are acted on unfavorably from without it has not only the right, but the duty, to interfere. Morality is one of the fundamentals of civilized society, and when any influence inimical thereto is exerted upon the citizen, separate from himself, it becomes a part, and no small part, of the state's duty to throw over him the protecting arm of the law.

The state thus counteracts an outside influence bearing unfavorably upon the individual with another outside influence. The man stands, his personal liberty being intact, willing to do himself an injury, and beside him the one who proposes to make money by furnishing him with the opportunity, with the means, by which he may injure himself. On the other side stands the state, stretching out its arm of power over the victim to take the trafficker in Rum by the throat, with the stern mandate, "Let that man alone!" The point is perfectly clear. There is in all this no interference with the personal liberty of the citizen. He has the liberty to ruin himself by himself, if he is weak enough, or wicked enough, to be willing to do so; but the state declares that another shall not make a business of affording him an opportunity of ruining himself. This is a principle carried out in many other ways than in Prohibition of the Rum traffic. The state will not legalize gambling-houses, no matter how eager men may be to have the opportunity to gamble. It puts under the ban of the law houses of ill-fame, no matter how many men may wish to visit them, even if they are hard to abolish entirely. The men who are willing to make money by offering others the opportunity of self-injury must do it in contravention of the law, and lay themselves liable to proper punishment.

The right and the duty of the state to thus step in to restrict or forbid the temptation of the citizen, when men attempt to make an occupation of tempting, is unquestionable, and the arguments against it are not tenable. This right, this duty is clear on the following grounds: First, the state has a necessary interest in the well-being of every citizen. Though it can not control his personal appetites and passions, even when they lead him to injury, it can step in to stop any man who attempts to profit by pandering to them. It can not prevent a man from desiring to gamble, and thus ruin himself financially; but it can prevent his doing so by crushing out gambling houses. It can not prevent him from having a thirst for Rum, but it can prevent the utter physical and moral ruin which would follow its unrestricted indulgence, by prohibiting the manufacture and sale of Rum.

Second, the state has a right and a duty to protect the citizen's family, and friends, and business associates. And when the cry of "personal liberty" is speciously converted into a plea to cover the Rumseller, who has a purely selfish financial interest in having his occupation unmolested in giving a citizen the means of gratifying his willingness to become a drunken sot, the state has the right and the duty to interpose in behalf of that citizen's parents, or wife, or children, or business associates, each and all of whom have an enormously greater interest in having him kept from temptation than the purely personal and selfish interest of the saloon-keeper in having him ruined. And, between these two opposing interests, who shall have the hardihood to say that the state shall not throw the weight of the law in favor of sobriety, of the family, of the home and its well-being, against the selfish rapacity of the saloon-keeper?

Third, it is to the best interests of the state that it shall throw the weight of its influence in favor of the extinction of an occupation (that of Rum-selling) which demoralizes, impoverishes and injures its citizens. There are at least six good reasons which occur to us, why Rum-selling does injury to the state, and consequently why, on the simple ground of self-defence, the state should antagonize the Rum Power—for the Rum Power is but the aggregation of Rum makers and Rum sellers—of these persons only who have an interest in the perpetuation of the Rum traffic and the open saloon:

1.—Rum weakens the physical system of all who becomes its slaves. In a republic like ours, its perpetuity depends upon the manhood of its citizens. Drunkenness and its kindred vices eat out the life and health of the people. The men of military age who die of Rum form a small army each year. At Gettysburg, if the Confederates could have had, as a reinforcement, the men whom Rum had destroyed, of proper age, the decisive battle of the war would have had a different result. An emergency might easily arise wherein the waste of manhood from Rum would decide the struggle.

2.—It is to the interest of the state that her citizens shall prosper. Rum lessens the wealth of the individuals who are its victims. The man who is a hanger-on of saloons is no factor in the prosperity of the state. It is good political common sense to prefer to legislate in favor of sober, thrifty citizens rather than of drunkards.

3.—It is to the interest of the state to take care of its young men. Talent is always at a premium, and the men who fall under the dominion of Rum are often of the brightest intellects. As a republic must live through the intelligence of its citizens, it has a right, a duty, in conserving the welfare of its young men. Rum may, if unchecked, destroy the flower of the nation's manhood.

4.—It is to the interest of the state to repress personal vices, for they are the causes of crime. There needs no labored argument to prove that Rum is the parent of most of the crime that disgraces the American nation. The saloon is a public manufactory of crime, in that it must necessarily debase manhood. To close the saloon, to outlaw Rum, will be to prevent the development of crime, and hence is the plain duty of the state, which has always the power of self-preservation.

5.—It is the right and the duty of the state to stop all occupations which nurture vice, simply on the ground of sound financial policy. Vice is a heavy moneyed burden on the state. One vicious man may, by his development into a criminal, through Rum or any other influence, cost it more than the average honest, upright citizen pays into the treasury in ten years. And the development of a drunkard is either into a criminal, or into a pauper; and in the latter case he drags his family with him, and makes paupers of them also.

6.—The state has also the right and the duty to protect those who are necessarily, though innocently, affected by the degradation of others through Rum. That open fountain of vice, the saloon, vitiates a far greater number than simply those who patronize it in person. The people whose habits are fixed by the saloon cannot help distributing their example broadcast among the community. If the state concedes the monstrous proposition that the saloon has a right, on the plea of "personal liberty," to corrupt all who come within its purlieus, it also concedes the right for it to corrupt, at second-hand, as many persons as its victims can reach by their daily example and influence.

The plea of "personal liberty" as an excuse for the saloon is an assumption of the proposition that because the state cannot follow a man who is morally a weakling, and prevent him from ruining himself, it must allow the institution which is his tempter, which gives him the means of self-ruin, an open opportunity to make him a wreck. When a man drops into the vice of drinking, he has his own peril before his eyes, and assumes the risk; but the saloon-keeper is not to be interfered with, because, forsooth, he makes money by the self-ruin of this moral weakling, who deliberately takes a risk he knows to be dangerous. The man who is willing to be a drunkard is one man; the man who helps him to the means, in order to make money, is another. The right, if any exists, of the first to be a drunkard stops with himself; it carries with it no right for another man to aid him to the peril of society, to the aid of vice and crime. The day is swiftly drawing on when the occupation of furnishing the means and opportunity of a personal vice that is so notoriously fruitful in crime will be stopped by the law's strong hand; when the state will stop the distillery, the brewery, the saloon, and

Pulverize the RumPower.

PARNELL IS VINDICATED.

From England comes the news that the witness PIGOTT has broken down, confessed that he forged the letters on which the *Times* was relying to prove its case, and, to use some expressive slang, "gives the whole snap away." The effect of this failure of the *Times* to sustain its charges against PARNELL will be great and far reaching. Its immediate result will undoubtedly be the overthrow of the present Tory ministry, and the return of GLADSTONE to power. Following that will naturally come some sort of home rule for Ireland, and the ultimate triumphs of the principles for which CHARLES STEWART PARNELL has contended so long. Providence certainly works in a mysterious way when it comes about that the greed of one man and the foolishness of a great newspaper, leading up to forgery and perjury, results in justice to a nation and comfort and happiness to millions. The *Times* and Perjurer PIGOTT may have been the unconscious instruments by which Ireland may at last be free and a better government insured to England. In the meantime it is a great personal victory for PARNELL, the pride in which Americans can well share with him. For it must not be forgotten that by birth PARNELL is half an American and in feeling wholly so. He is a grandson of the CHARLES STEWART whose name will always be honored here as long as history tells of the frigate Constitution and the brave deeds she did, and his mother, who inherited the spirit of her father and transmitted them to her son, was born on American soil.

PREMIUMS WITH THE BLADE.

For two subscribers to the Weekly BLADE and $2 we will give as a premium a choice of either portrait announced in the BLADE portrait gallery. For three subscribers and $3 we will mail, post paid, either of the paper-covered books named in our book advertisement in another column. For five subscribers and $5 we offer a choice of "Health and Beauty" or "Social Etiquette." For six subscribers and $6 we will give a copy of "Andersonville," or "Nasby in Exile," or "Hannah Jane," or "Old Doctor Carlin's Recipes." For fifteen subscribers and $15 we will give a Mascot Watch. For eighteen subscribers and $18 we offer a Blade Wringer. For 75 subscribers and $75 we will give a Blade Sewing Machine. Except in the case of the Sewing Machine offer, we require the whole club in one remittance. Here is an opportunity to earn something for almost any sized club. Besides this, we pay the most liberal cash commissions, to these who prefer to work for cash, of any weekly paper in the field. Write us for *confidential* terms to agents. We want agents everywhere. Now is the time to raise clubs.

AN AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.

Gen. Harrison is now in Washington. In six days more he will have taken the oath of office and become President of the United States. The event is fraught with great importance. It means a radical change in the manner as well as the methods of government. It means that new men are to take hold and new ideas rule. It means an entirely new plan of administration. It means that for four years, at least, and it is to be hoped forever, the scheme of government will be to build up American industries, not to destroy them; to protect American rights, not to ignore them; to work for America, not against her. It is to be an American government, by Americans and for Americans. Long may it wave.

ANOTHER lynching is reported from Mississippi. It was a negro, of course. Why do the correspondents down there telegraph such matters? It would be a great deal more interesting to know of a day when a negro is not lynched.

RUSSIA AND AFGHANISTAN.

A cloud no bigger than a man's hand has risen in Western Asia, but there is in it such a possibility of development into a storm of war that England's uneasiness is excited. ABDURRAHMAN, the Ameer of Afghanistan, has trouble in ruling his turbulent horde of nomad subjects. One ISHAK Khan organized a revolt against the Ameer, which was put down with an iron hand, and the latter is causing the wholesale slaughter in Afghan Turkestan, of the partisans of and sympathizers with the rebel chief, who sought safety in flight to Bokhara.

Now comes the news that Russian troops are mobilized on the Afghan frontier, and that the Russian government is preparing to retaliate upon the Ameer for these cruelties, on the plea that certain of those executed were Russian subjects. It adds to the complication that ABDURRAHMAN is willing to excite hostility to Russia in order to divert the Afghans from conspiracy and rebellion against himself, by giving them a foreign foe upon which to exercise their warlike instincts.

But the Ameer and ISHAK Khan are both grandsons of DOST MOHAMMED. ISHAK is a very capable man in administration, a good soldier, and a Mussulman of the strictest kind. He and ABDURRAHMAN were driven into exile together when SHERE ALI usurped the Afghan throne, and when the latter was driven from power and ABDURRAHMAN was made Ameer, ISHAK returned with him to Cabul and was made governor of Turkeston. Little is known of the cause of his late revolt, but it was probably owing to the jealousy of the Ameer at the success of his government in Turkestan, and the fact that he is in the succession to the throne.

The Ameer is now prohibiting intercourse with Russia across the border, and declaring that war with that power is approaching. Russia's course, on the other hand, if she carries out her intention of espousing ISHAK's course, will doubtless result in the defeat and deposition of ABDURRAHMAN, and the elevation of ISHAK to the throne. This may well cause disquiet in English governmental circles. The change would mean Russian supremacy in Afghanistan, instead of British; and Afghanistan is the only barrier that stands between India and the encroachment of the Czar. The traditional policy of Russia is to reach the Indian Ocean with her territories. She has crept on and on, until this one barbaric state alone stands between her and India. With it arrayed on her side, whether formally absorbed or not, England well may be uneasy; for if the general European war, which the best judges believe to be impending, actually comes, England and Russia will be engaged, and probably on opposite sides; and India will be the prize to be struggled for.

ANOTHER HOPE GONE.

The life of the Democratic editor these days is a hard one. The country refuses to go to the demolition bow-wows, now that General HARRISON has been elected, with a persistency that is maddening. The announcement that BLAINE was to be secretary of State has neither provoked a foreign war or a domestic insurrection. The failure of the people to become excited over the story that WANAMAKER is going into the Cabinet is exasperating. But the Ohio editor had one thing to fall back on. He declared, so loudly and longly that he began to believe it, that if the direct tax bill failed, and he knew it was going to fail, the state would have to go into immediate bankruptcy and ask for a receiver at once. Now the news comes from Washington that the direct tax bill has passed. Really, these things are discouraging.

THE CENSUS BILL.

The bill providing for the eleventh census has passed both Houses of Congress, and gone to the President, and will probably be approved without delay. The facts enumerated will be the same as those of the last, with such modifications as may be approved by the Secretary of the Interior. But instead of the twenty-two volumes of the tenth census, there will be only seven published. The subjects covered will be population and social statistics relating thereto, products of manufactories, mining, agriculture, mortality and vital statistics, valuation and public indebtedness, and statistics relating to railroad corporations, express, telegraph and insurance companies. It is to be hoped that the work of compilation, after the enumerators do their duty, will not be prolonged over so many years as it was in the last census. Statistics are comparatively valueless when they are not made public until half a decade or more has elapsed.

THE INAUGURATION.

Next week's issue of THE BLADE will contain a full account of the inauguration of President HARRISON, his inaugural address, and a complete pen-picture of the scenes at Washington on what will be one of the greatest occasions in its history. The crowd in attendance will exceed that on any former occasion, and the affair altogether be most interesting. Renew in time, so that you may not miss it.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND says that "No breath of scandal or taint of corruption has attached to any branch of the public service" during his administration. Does Mr. CLEVELAND say this in a spirit of reckless bravado, or is he such a bumpkin as not to be informed as to what has been occurring under his very nose? He forgets the infamous Red Top real estate swindle, the Pan-Electric scandal, the navy yard investigation that was hushed up by Secretary WHITNEY, the millions of fraud in the custom-house, alleged by Secretary FAIRCHILD to have been perpetrated during the term of the present administration, or to the fact that systematic robberies have been practiced on the Indian timber lands in Wisconsin, and that Secretary VILAS has been protecting the thieves, if not sharing the profits with them. Mr. CLEVELAND is either a very confiding individual himself, or he supposes that the people of the United States are fools.

THE tendency in the military world has long been toward arms of precision for the rank and file. The next step to be taken is the use of a much smaller caliber. The standard of the United States is .45 of an inch. The reported success of the Lebel rifle in France has given an impetus toward smaller bores, and it is probable that .32 or even smaller will be the caliber of the army rifle of the future. Other things being equal, the small bore arm is in every way better. The rifle will carry further and be more accurate in fire, while the light ammunition will enable the soldier to carry a larger supply than the traditional "forty rounds."

THE Philadelphia *Record*, a low tariff paper with strong free trade leanings, says of the Cleveland-Mills fiasco: "After devoting an entire session to fruitless discussion, stirring up old antagonisms and engendering new animosities, and confusing the public mind by a multitude of conflicting theories, the Ways and Means committee of the House of Representatives has come out of very nearly the same tariff reform hole which it entered at the beginning."

ALL who are interested in Sunday school work will read with pleasure the arrangements which have been made for those who desire to attend the convention of the World's Sunday School Union in London next July. The occasion will be an important one, the company congenial, the arrangements complete, and the opportunity one that will never come again.

AN UNFOUNDED CLAIM.

The Democrats, in making up the record of their four years of executive control, are casting about to find something on which to base the claim that they have done something creditable and conducive of national progress. A careful search fails to find anything that really is so, and hence they are driven to make the assumption that, through Secretary WHITNEY, the Democratic administration has given us the beginnings of a new navy. There is no just ground for this claim. The work of creating a new navy, which must necessarily be one of years, was begun by a Republican administration and conducted by a Republican secretary of the Navy. Congress appropriated the money, in response to the urgent recommendation of Republican officials; and the plan of reconstructing the navy has gone on, year by year, Congress granting the money annually for its continuance.

Secretary WHITNEY signalized his early incumbency by partisan blundering in his dealings with JOHN ROACH, the famous shipbuilder, who had contracts for the construction of certain vessels; and WHITNEY's enmity was so powerful as to drive him to bankruptcy and hasten his death. That the allegations against the vessels built by ROACH were unfounded, has been clearly proved by their performance since they were finally accepted and put into commission. It is an ineradicable stain upon WHITNEY'S political career that he allowed himself to be made the tool of rabid partisan advisers, who singled out ROACH as a victim, and made WHITNEY, as secretary of the Navy, the instrument for an unmanly and unfair persecution. If there is one department of the administration which deserves no credit for its work, it certainly is that presided over by Mr. WHITNEY.

A ROPE OF SAND.

Human nature has got to be radically reconstructed if the railway agreement just reached in Chicago lasts any length of time. In the first place, an agreement which is simply a verbal promise is very likely to be broken whenever the self-interest of any one of its members dictates, even if made under the most favorable conditions. But here the conditions are most unfavorable. Eighteen of the Western roads have signed, but four refuse. How long are the Chicago & Northwestern and Chicago & Milwaukee going to maintain rates while the Burlington & Northern is cutting under them on St. Paul business and the new Sault Ste. Marie route is constantly making bids for the seaboard traffic? What is the Alton going to do to meet the attacks of the Illinois Central and still keep up the rates which the association may agree upon? The late lamented presidents' agreement lasted just forty-eight hours, and is included all the granger roads. This one has four on the outside. It's chance for life would seem to be a slim one.

TALMAGE'S SERMONS.

Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE'S sermons, found on the seventh page, are regular features of the Weekly BLADE. The paper each week contains TALMAGE'S sermon of the previous Sunday.

THE three seats in the House of Representatives which have been in doubt since the election, has been reduced to two by the recent decision of the Supreme court of Tennessee, that Governor TAYLOR can not be legally restrained from giving the certificate of election to H. C. EVANS, the Republican candidate in the 3d Tennessee (the Chattanooga) district. The credentials have been forwarded to EVANS, and now the 3d and 4th West Virginia districts are the only ones in doubt. The doubt, it must be kept in mind, is not as to who were elected therein, but as to who will receive the certificates from the governor. That the Republicans carried both districts, and carried them honestly, admits of no question, no more than that GOFF was elected governor. But Democratic deviltry is doing all it can to keep both the Republican candidates for Congress and General GOFF out of the offices to which they were elected.

THE Michigan legislature has revived an interest in the half-forgotten political career of LEWIS CASS by presenting his statue to Congress to be placed in the old hall of Representatives in the capitol. CASS was successively a brigadier general in the second war with England; governor of the territory of Michigan; minister to France; United States Senator from Michigan; and secretary of State under BUCHANAN—his public career extending over sixty years of our country's history. Along with HENRY CLAY, the distinction is his of having been beaten for the Presidency by his own party. CLAY, it will be remembered, was defeated in 1844 by the anti-slavery wing of his party. (the Whigs), who voted for BRINEY, the candidate of the Liberty party. It 1848, CASS was defeated by the wing of the Democratic party which stood by MARTIN VAN BUREN, who left the Democrats to become the Presidential nominee of the Free Soil party.

FOUR Democratic members of the legislature of Arkansas from Pulaski county, the county in which the capital, Little Rock, is situated, accepted certificates of election based on the abstraction of pollbooks containing the votes of six towns which gave majorities to Republican and Labor candidates. The awakening of public sentiment caused by the CLAYTON assassination led to the exposure of this fraud in the very center of the state, and the beneficiaries have been forced to announce their intention to resign their seats in the legislature. But the man of all others who owes it to the country to resign, the person in whose indirect interest the murder of CLAYTON was committed, hangs on to the seat whose title is tainted with fraud and stained with blood. That man is C. R. BRECKENRIDGE.

JEFF DAVIS has crawled out of his hole long enough to say that he does not approve of Mr. BLAINE for the Cabinet. Suppose Mr. DAVIS shall keep quiet until somebody asks his opinion? There is not a man, however obscure, in this whole country whose opinion on any political topic is of less importance to anybody else than DAVIS'S.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* declares that if Gen. NOBLE, of that state, is placed in the Cabinet, Missouri will give 20,000 Republican majority in 1892. That's all right; but why cannot Missouri take that long step toward material progress and political enlightenment without a bribe?

A PROMINENT planter of Arkansas has committed suicide because of shame caused by the arrest of his son for murder. If the state was as sensitive as this one of its citizens it would speedily get itself out of the way on account of the Clayton assassination.

IT is said that JOHN WANAMAKER never attended a circus in his life. If he should be the next Postmaster General, he will see a first-class one when he begins to distribute the patronage of that department.

THE terms for the admission of Dakota as two states have finally been agreed on, the Democrats consenting. There is nothing like a good drubbing to bring our Democratic friends to time.

THERE is a growing suspicion in the country that General HARRISON knows more about the Cabinet just now than any one else.

AN Ohio man never ran for President but that he was elected.

SPECIFIC OR AD VALOREM?

Mr. MILLS's committee (Ways and Means), in its report on the Senate substitute for the Mills tariff bill, makes a bitter but absurd attack on specific duties. It says:

The Senate bill has changed the ad valorem rates wherever it could be done and substituted specific rates in their stead. This change will not reduce and simplify the laws, but increase and mystify them. It is for that purpose that the specific tax is used, and it is because the ad valorem tax will not answer that purpose that it is condemned by those who favor high taxation.

More absurdity could not not be compressed into an equal number of words. Specific duties are those levied upon each unit of measure—so much per yard, or pound, or ton, or bushel, or gallon, etc. They are the simplest possible, and evasion of the duty is an impossibility. All the enormous frauds that have disgraced the New York custom-house have been in the entry of articles on which ad valorem duties are imposed. An ad valorem duty is a certain per cent on the invoice price. It is possible to make false invoices, and this has always been largely done. To detect such points requires inspectors who are experts in that particular line of goods, fully acquainted with the materials and methods of manufacture, the state of the market, the current prices abroad and at home, and the net cost of raw materials and of manufacturing. Specific duties can be assessed by any man of ordinary capacity. Hence the cost of inspection, etc., is much less under specific than under ad valorem duties.

When these incontrovertible facts are considered, the assertions in the closing portion of the above quotation are seen to be absurd. The judgment of every man of intelligence is that specific should be substituted for ad valorem duties wherever it is possible to do so. The Senate acted upon business principles in thus simplifying the bill as much as possible. GLADSTONE defined the duty of statesmanship to be "to make it as easy as possible to do right, and as difficult as possible to do wrong." The Senate acted up to this definition in making the changes in the bill. But what can be said of MILLS's "statesmanship" in this connection?

MISS BOUTON'S "FAMOUS WOMEN" SERIES.

The series of "Famous Women" promised the HOUSEHOLD has now been completed with the exception of Miss ANNA DICKINSON, who has been too ill to furnish the required data, but which will be given later. Two of the number chosen, Mrs. FOSTER and Miss HOLLEY, were omitted, because by silence they declined to give materials necessary to the proposed sketches. This explanation is made for the satisfaction of those whose wishes may seem to have been causelessly ignored.

Next week a description of the origin, extent and work of "The King's Daughters" will be given in reply to many requests received about this order.

PRIVATE DALZELL'S MARE'S-NEST.

Some time ago, Hon. J. M. DALZELL, of Caldwell, Ohio, better known as "Private" DALZELL, claimed to have unearthed certain sections of the United States statutes in relation to the allowance of mileage to soldiers when on furlough, etc.; also, ration pay in similar cases, or where soldiers were prisoners of war; and extra duty pay between October, 1862, and April, 1863. These statements were widely circulated, and THE BLADE has received many inquiries regarding the matter. Hon. WM. A. DAY, Second Auditor of the Treasury, writes the following in reply, going to show that DALZELL'S claims in this matter are without foundation:

First—There is no law providing for the payment of "mileage" at five cents a mile, or otherwise, to any soldiers while on furlough, or while in the service; neither has such pay ever been allowed or paid by the accounting officers in any case. The act applicable to the payment of transportation, pay and subsistence of volunteer soldiers of the late war, when they were discharged and sent home, was passed July 22, 1861, over two years ago, and has been in operation ever since its passage, and it is still in force. But it must be apparent to every one that nearly all soldiers who were entitled to such pay have already received it, or an equivalent for it.

A very large majority of the soldiers were actually furnished transportation by the government when they were sent home to be mustered out (in no case has a soldier had a claim whatever for any further allowance on this account), and so now it is only in exceptional cases that a soldier may have a reasonable claim for transportation-pay to his place of enlistment when discharged and sent home, and even then he must furnish affirmatively satisfactory evidence that he applied to the government for his transportation, but was refused or could not obtain it or avail himself of it, and he must fully set forth the facts showing why he was obliged to pay his own fare home.

Second—In regard to extra-duty pay granted to enlisted men who were detailed to perform special and extra work as blacksmiths, carpenters, skilled mechanics, teamsters, etc., nearly all those men so enlisted were either paid such pay while in the service or on final payment when discharged. Furthermore, section 25, act of March 3, 1863, forbids the payment of extra-duty pay to volunteers for services after said date, so that practically it can now only be allowed in exceptional cases.

Third—The act granting rations to soldiers who were prisoners of war was passed July 25, 1866, and that granting the same pay to their heirs (not more remote than brothers and sisters) was passed March 2, 1867, and these acts are still in force, but nearly all those entitled to this pay have long since been paid it; and so in regard to the allowance of ration or subsistence pay to soldiers while on furlough.

It will thus be seen that the statements made by Mr. DALZELL in these matters are inaccurate and misleading. They will only excite false hopes and expectations in claimants, and cause them and the government useless trouble and expense.

THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

The lack of reliability in the forecasts of the weather made by the United States Signal Service is fully explained in the statement of General GREELY, the chief of the corps, which the secretary of War has laid before the House of Representatives. In it GREELY sets forth the unsatisfactory condition of the service, and recommends its entire reorganization. He states that during the last three years one-eighth of the corps have died, and that two-eighths are entirely unfitted to perform the duties for which they are paid, and recommends the passage of the House bill "to increase the efficiency of the Signal Corps of the army." The bill provides that no appointments shall be made until the officer is examined and approved by a board to be convened by the secretary of War, and the commissioned officers of the service shall have the pay and allowances of like grades in the army, the majors and captains to be appointed from line officers of the army. It is to be hoped that something may be done in the direction of reform, for, as the case stands, the service is a hindrance rather then a help to the important commercial, marine and agricultural interests it was organized to aid.

FREE SPECIMENS.

The BLADE desires to send specimen copies to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce the BLADE *everywhere.*

WHITNEY and HILL are already entered for the Presidential sweepstakes of 1892. They are preparing for a long drop into the cousomme.

THE New York *Sun* is blaming President CLEVELAND because he did not find anything rotten in the affairs handed over to him by his Republican predecessors. Mr. DANA must not ask impossibilities.

NEWSPAPERS in Paris are no different from those in America. They are staying up nights now guessing as to the make-up of their next cabinet.

CANADA is having the same trouble in disposing of herself that many farmers do with their farms. The mortgage is too big.

THE DIRECT TAX BILL.

The direct tax bill has passed Congress—the House adopting the conference committee's report on Wednesday by a vote of 168 to 88. This bill now goes to the President, and the burning question of the hour is, "What will he do with it?"

The bill is a long-delayed measure of justice. In 1861, to raise money to carry on the War, Congress, in the exercise of its constitutional powers, levied a direct tax upon the states. The loyal states generally paid it; some of the other states paid part. They are still debtors to the United States for the unpaid amount.

Now, the United States has ample revenue, and there is no need of this additional amount. But it is a matter of injustice that part should have paid their quota and others shall escape their share of the burden. To remedy this, the bill proposes to pay back to the states the sums paid, and cancel the debt still owing by others.

CLEVELAND has three courses open before him: he can sign the bill, thus making it a law; he can veto it; or he can keep the bill neither signing or vetoing it. The constitution declares that

If any bill shall not be returned by the President within ten days (Sundays excepted) after it shall have been presented to him, the same shall be a law, in like manner as if he had signed it, unless the Congress by their adjournment prevent its return, in which case it shall not be a law.

What will be the effect of his keeping this particular bill? It was passed on February 20, engrossed and sent to the President. Congress expires at noon on March 4. The Democratic papers claim that if he holds it, it will not become law. They reach this by counting from the hour of its reaching him—5 p. m., February 20. Omitting the two Sundays, February 24 and March 3, the ten days do not expire until 5 p. m. of March 4. But the usual custom is to count the day of beginning or ending of a specified term as a full day, not as a fraction. Doing this, if we count February 20, Saturday, March 2, is the tenth day. Hence it is plain that it will become a law if he attempts the coward's role.

Toe the mark, Mr. CLEVELAND! Either sign it or veto it like a man!

WHO WOULD SUCCEED?

THE BLADE is in receipt of the following query from a correspondent:

GILLESPIE, Ill., Feb. 23.—EDITOR BLADE:—In case the President and Vice President elect should both die before they are inaugurated, who would become President? W. H. C.

There is a gap in the constitution and in the laws of Congress regarding the Presidential succession in the case supposed by our correspondent. It is unlikely that the President and Vice President elect should both die between the time of the meeting of the state electors on the second Monday in January and March 4, but it is possible.

It would seem that the proper thing to do would be to reconvene the electors, and have them choose men to fill the two vacant offices; but there is no provision of law allowing this to be done.

It has been asserted that the old secretary of State—in the present case, Mr. BAYARD—would succeed to the vacant Presidency. The assertion is founded on the Presidential succession law, passed three years ago, which provides that if there is neither President nor Vice President, the succession devolves on the members of the Cabinet in regular order, beginning with the secretary of State. But this law only provides for such vacancy after inauguration. There is no Cabinet after March 4. Its members go out of office with the retiring President.

There is an omission in the laws here which should be provided for. It is possible, under the present status, for the country to be without a chief executive.

OUR WEEKLY NEWS SUMMARY.

We are gradually getting our resume of the news of the week, on the seventh and eighth pages of the Weekly BLADE, in shape which is satisfactory to us—and, we are glad to know, to our readers also. We have already received many letters of commendation from subscribers who realize the substantial improvement that this change affords.

We especially call the attention of teachers, parents, and all interested in the instruction of youth, to the excellence of this news summary for the purpose of a school exercise, and of interesting boys and girls in the world's progress. In very many city schools a few minutes are devoted each day to talks on the more important topics of news, from the daily papers. It aids in geography, in history, and in a general widening of the mind. We should be glad to hear results from teachers who try the plan, for publication.

FOUR YEARS' RECORD.

What has the outgoing administration done in its four years' lease of power, either to benefit the country or to give the people confidence in the Democratic party? The verdict must be that CLEVELAND, his policy and his administration are alike failures. His gigantic egotism, and stubborn adherence to his narrow ideas, caused him to so mismanage the opportunities he had for strengthening the Democratic party and continuing its lease of power, that it has not only been driven from control of the executive branch of the government but from the legislative also.

The State department, under the direction of BAYARD, who proved himself utterly lacking in the finer qualities of statesmanship, has made our diplomacy a by-word with other governments. The Treasury department has done nothing. It has not had enough ability at its head to originate a fiscal policy, and the only new thing it did was to loan over sixty millions of dollars to certain pet banks, without interest. The Postoffice department has so demoralized the postal service by prostituting it to partisan ends that it is utterly inefficient and untrustworthy.

The Inferior department is malodorous with rumors of scandals in the management of the public lands, and is not out of the tangle in which it was involved when Land Commissioner SPARKS left it. The Navy department is endeavoring to claim credit for the beginnings of the new navy, but this is a false plea, as the plan of naval reconstruction was begun under the previous Republican administration, and WHITNEY has merely continued in the path thus marked out. The War department has cut no figure at all. Secretary ENDICOTT has been a pretentious figure-head, that is all. And the department of Justice has lain under the shadow of the Pan-Electric scandal in which GARLAND was involved, and which should have caused his resignation two years ago.

MISSOURI Democrats are reported as organized for another campaign. If some states have to be Democratic, it is better that Missouri be included in the list than others that can be named.

OPPONENTS of the Australian system are clamoring that it needs too much intelligence in the voter. This is the first time we ever knew that an intelligent voter was a bad thing.

CHILI has resolved to protect itself against Chinese immigration. If Chili keeps up she will get civilized after awhile.

CHICAGO has just discovered that all roads violate the inter-state commerce act. Chicago is not generally so slow in learning the facts.

A TALK ABOUT ADVERTISERS.

There are a great many people who suppose that a newspaper knows all about the character and business standing of its advertisers. This arises from a lack of knowledge as to advertising methods. The great majority of advertisements in newspapers of general circulation are received from advertising agencies, which are located in the great commercial cities of the country—Chicago and New York, principally. They contract with the advertiser to insert his announcement in a given number of journals in different parts of the country. The newspaper receives the advertisement from the agency, to which it looks for it pay. It has no communication with the advertiser himself—no dealings of any sort. Yet there are readers who constantly hold editors and publishers blamable if a swindling advertisement is inserted, and they fall victims thereto.

This is a mistake. The advertising columns of a newspaper are open to all; and as long as an advertiser keeps within the bounds of decency in the wording of his advertisement, and is not known to be a rogue, his patronage cannot justly be refused. If an advertiser's promises are not honored the publisher, or editor, is blameless; it is not his duty to put upon trial every advertiser who presents himself as a patron, and all men are properly held to be innocent and honorable until they are proved to be otherwise.

The warning that "All that glitters is not gold" should be held in view by all readers of flattering offers by advertisers. No business man can long remain solvent who does not have a margin on sale above the cost of the article he offers. By purchasing goods in large quantities some merchants are able to give their patrons astonishing bargains, and that which is deemed hardly possible in trade, often becomes an honest experience; but no business man of integrity ever promises to give something for nothing, for the simple reason that such generosity would soon ruin him.

THE BLADE AND USEFUL ARTICLES.

The BLADE has always aimed to bring out a list of useful household articles, wherewith to supply its readers who may need them, without their having to pay the several intermediate profits with which they are charged when they purchase of local dealers. We have always aimed to obtain articles or actual necessity in families, and also to have them of the *very best* quality; and we have always sold them at a price which will not more than cover the actual cost of production and our trouble in handling them.

A few years ago we were offered sewing machines by various companies—cheap affairs, which were sold as premiums with various newspapers. They were not as good as we desired, nor were we able to get a really reliable and thoroughly well-made machine at a low price. Hence the BLADE, at an expense of a great many thousand dollars, built a factory, filled it with machinery especially adapted to the manufacture of sewing machines, and since it has been in operation has scattered many thousands of BLADE Sewing Machines throughout the United States. It is a perfectly reliable machine, as good as any on the market, simple, durable and cheap; for we can furnish it, and the Weekly BLADE for one year, for $18.

The books which are offered in connection with the BLADE are of our own publication, and of the highest standard of excellence in their particular lines. We furnish them, with the BLADE, at prices not over *one-third* those at which the same class of books sell for in stores. Our stock of "Nasby's" books is going very fast, and they will soon be out of print. Our catalogue of books offers the very best selection for holiday presents, especially Miss Bouton's books, which should be in every family.

The last step we have taken in the line of supplying household needs is in bringing out the BLADE Bench Wringer, which is announced elsewhere. We have had a large number manufactured for us by one of the largest factories in the country. They are made of the best material, under the latest and best patents, and are sold at the lowest possible price. They are offered, with the BLADE, at half the price that a wringer alone of this quality can be purchased for at retail, and as cheap as the very cheapest and poorest tub wringer can be bought at the stores.

We aim to bring out only such articles as are really household necessities, and no one need hesitate to order anything we offer in connection with the paper, for the reason that we are willing to, and do, guarantee everything which we offer over our own name.

The announcements of the BLADE Sewing Machine, the BLADE Watch, the BLADE Wringer, and the BLADE Books will be found on the fifth page. Read them carefully.

EMIGRANTS TO SOUTH AMERICA.

The tide of European emigration is beginning to turn to South America rather than to the United States. The abolition of slavery in Brazil has increased the migration thither many fold. The largest stream, however, is bound for the Argentine Republic, which now vies with the United States as a land of promise to the overcrowded denizens of Europe. For months past immigrants have been arriving at Buenos Ayres, from Great Britain, Italy and the Low Countries chiefly, at the rate of more than a thousand a day. With all this influx, the new-comers have no difficulty in securing profitable occupation immediately, and the planters of the interior are clamoring constantly for more help. There is no restriction there on

TWO PENSION BILLS

PREPARED BY G. A. R. COMMITTE

For Introduction in Congress—One for a Service Pension, the Other Amendatory of the Present Laws.

The following is the pension bill prepared by the Pension committee of the Grand army of the Republic, regarding persons now incapacitated from earning their own subsistence:

Be it enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled: Section 1. That all persons who served three months or more in the military or naval service of the United States during the late war of the rebellion, and who have been honorably discharged therefrom, and who are now or may hereafter be suffering from mental or physical disability not the result of their own vicious habits, which totally incapacitates them for the performance of manual labor, shall, upon making due proof of the fact according to such rules and regulations as the secretary of the Interior may provide, be placed upon the list of invalid pensioners of the United States, and be entitled to receive $12 per month; and such pension shall commence from the date of the filing of the application in the pension office, after the passage of this act, upon proof that the disability then existed, and shall continue during the existence of the same in the degree herein specified: Provided, That persons who are now receiving pensions under existing laws, or whose claims are pending in the pension office, may, by application to the commissioner of Pensions, in such form as he may prescribe, receive the benefits of this act; and nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to prevent any pensioner thereunder from prosecuting his claim and receiving his pension under any other general or special act; and provided further, that no person shall receive more than one pension for the same period; and provided further, that no person who shall desert prior to July 1, 1865, and who remained absent from his command thereafter and received no discharge, until he shall have obtained a certificate of honorable discharge from the service from which he deserted.

Sec. 2. That any agent, attorney, or other person instrumental in prosecuting any claim under section 2 or 3 of this act who shall, directly or indirectly, contract for, demand, receive or retain for his services or instrumentality in presenting and prosecuting such claim, a sum greater than ten dollars (payable only upon the order of the commissioner of Pensions, by the pension agent making payment of the pension allowed), or who shall wrongfully withhold from a pensioner or claimant the whole or any part of the pension or claim allowed and due such pensioner or claimant, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall, for every such offense, be fined not exceeding five hundred dollars, or imprisonment at hard labor not exceeding two years, or both, in the discretion of the court.

Sec. 3. That all laws and parts of laws which conflict with the provisions of this act be, and the same are hereby, repealed.

The following is the service pension bill prepared by the same committee:

A bill granting per diem service pensions.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America assembled: Section 1. That the secretary of the Interior is hereby authorized and directed to place on the pension roll of the United States the name of any officer or enlisted man who shall have served ninety days in the army, navy or marine corps of the United States, subsequent to the 4th day of March, 1861, and prior to the 1st day of March, 1866, and been honorably discharged; said pension to commence from and after the date of the passage of this Act, and to continue during the term of life of the said officer or enlisted man.

Sec. 2—That the rate of pension for such service shall be at the rate per month of one cent for each day's service rendered in said army, navy or marine corps of the United States; provided, however, that in each and every case where the service so rendered was less than 500 days, the pension shall be at the rate herein established for a service of 800 days; and provided further, that all invalid pensioners who are now receiving pensions under existing laws, or whose claims are pending in the pension office, or before Congress, may, by application to the commissioner of Pensions, in such form as he may prescribe, receive the benefits of this act; and nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to prevent any pensioner thereunder from prosecuting his claim and receiving his pension under any other general or special act; and provided further, that no person shall receive more than one pension for the same period; and provided further, that no person who shall desert prior to July 1, 1865, and who remained absent from his command thereafter and received no discharge, until he shall have obtained a certificate of honorable discharge from the service from which he deserted.

Sec. 3. That the period of service shall be computed from the date of enlistment in the United States service to the date of discharge therefrom: but no pension shall be granted under this act, to, or on account of any person who deserted prior to July 1, 1865, and who remained absent from his command thereafter and received no discharge, until he shall have obtained a certificate of honorable discharge from the service from which he deserted.

Sec. 4. That any agent, attorney, or other person instrumental in prosecuting any claim under this act who shall, directly or indirectly, contract for, demand, receive or retain, for his services or instrumentality in presenting and prosecuting such claim, a greater sum than ten dollars (payable only upon the order of commissioner of Pensions, by the pension agent making payment of the pension allowed), or who shall wrongfully withhold from a pensioner or claimant the whole or any part of the pension or claim allowed and due such pensioner or claimant, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall, for every such offence, be fined not exceeding five hundred dollars, or imprisonment at hard labor not exceeding two years or both, in the discretion of the court. Provided, That no fee whatever shall be allowed to any person whomsoever in any case where an invalid pensioner is granted an increase under the provisions of this act.

Sec. 5. That section 4716 of the Revised Statutes is hereby modified so that the same shall not apply to this act. Provided, That this act shall not apply to those person under political disabilities.

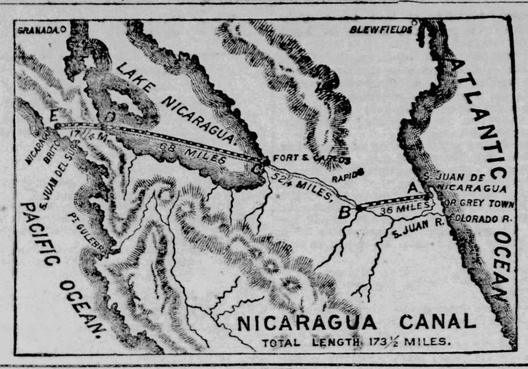
Sec. 6. That all laws which conflict with the provisions of this act be, and the same are, hereby repealed.

UNCLE SAM ON THE EAGLE.

The eagle's been a settin' round a holdin' flags and things,
Ornamenting silver dollars with a queerish pair of wings,
And a lookin' kinder sleepy: but if he should see a cause,
Yew will see his eyes a blazin' an' he's got the same old claws.

Where Harrison Will Worship.

Gen. Harrison and Mr. Blaine have engaged pews in the church of the Covenant—Presbyterian—in Washington. It is on Connecticut avenue, opposite the British legation. Others securing pews were the Rev. Dr. Scott, Gen. Harrison's father-in-law; Senators Cullom, Dawes and Hale; Justices Matthews and Strong, Gen. Anson G. McCook and Col. John Hay.



NICARAGUA CANAL.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE PLANS.

The Bill Chartering the Company is Now a Law, and Work will be Speedily Begun.

On February 20, President Cleveland signed the bill chartering the Nicaragua Canal company, and it is now a law. In view of this, the following description of the proposed work, in connection with the accompanying map, will be found interesting:

This maritime canal for the largest ships is to be constructed through the territory of the republic of Nicaragua, bordering part of the way upon the republic of Costa Rica. It traverses the lowest depression of land in this hemisphere from the Arctic ocean to Cape Horn. This depression is occupied by a large inland sea of fresh water, called Lake Nicaragua, and by its outlet, the San Juan river.

The western border of the lake is within twelve miles of the Pacific coast, and separated from it by a low divide 40 feet above the lake. But the lake, notwithstanding this, drains toward the Atlantic into the Caribbean sea through the San Juan river. This great natural feature is to be used in the proposed canal. The lake is 90 miles long, 45 miles wide and 100 feet deep; and the San Juan river, which drains it, is already navigable throughout most of its length for river and lake craft.

The details of work to be done are roughly as follows: A breakwater at Greytown, on the Caribbean; dredging thence to the westward, 10¼ miles through lagoons, swamps and low ground; then a lock of 31 feet lift. Two miles beyond is a second lock or double lock, of the combined lift of 75 feet, and a dam across the small stream Desaado, above which is four miles of free navigation; then a rock cut about 3 miles in length, followed by 12 miles of free navigation in the valleys of the small rivers San Francisco and Machado, in which the water is raised by dams and embankments, and which basins connect directly with the San Juan river above a large dam across the river, which will raise the water in the river and lake, and secure additional free navigation of 64 miles in the river and 56½ miles across the lake. On the western side of the lake the canal enters a cut of slight depth in the earth and rock of 8½ miles, issuing thence into the Tola basin, with 5½ miles of free navigation obtained by damming the small stream Rio Grande. A dam a series of locks lowers the level 85 feet, and the canal proceeds in excavation down the valley of the Rio Grande a distance of 2 miles to the last lock, a tidal lock of 20 to 30 feet lift, below which the canal enters the upper portion of the harbor of Brito, 1½ miles from the Pacific.

The total cost of building this canal, including all contingencies, and based upon elaborate surveys, is estimated at $60,000,000. The traffic ready to use it, when completed in 1893-94, it is believed, from careful calculations based on reliable data, will be from six to seven millions of tons. This traffic would yield a net revenue from the day the canal is completed of $10,000,000 annually.

All the preliminary work is completed and active construction about to be commenced.

THEY PULL UP THEIR STOCKINGS.

Little Girls Have a Harder Task Than Their Big Sisters and Their Mothers.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and the school houses poured out thousands of little girls. They were all identically alike in one respect. Every one of them stopped at least twice in every block to pull up her stockings. It was strange and interesting to see how this was done; how little girls who were running would suddenly throw up one knee, clutch at it, and yet keep on running; how sedate little girls stepped to one side of the rush of travel, either to the curb or the store windows, to pull up their hosiery; how even as they stood talking to one another, or when two little girls met, each would simultaneously dive at their knees with one hand, and without interrupting their childish prattle. A man and woman were watching one bevy of these little girls.

"There is more lost energy in that constant trick of the little girls than would serve to dam Niagara Falls," said the man. "Can you explain why all little girls do that?"

"There is no reason," said the woman, "except a very singular one that illustrates the ways of mankind. The little girls have always had to pull up their stockings every two minues. They do not know how to help it are not concerned, since their own stockings stay up. They put elastic garters on the little girls, though elastic soon stretches, and the little girls' legs are not shaped so as to make garters of any use. The mothers use straps fastened to their stays, and never give their stockings a thought; but the little girls have no stays to pin such straps to. So I suppose the only thing left is for the little girls to grow up as quickly as possible and be women and forget their stockings."

Gum for Nurses.

Chewing gum has been laughed at, derided and abused long enough. It is proposed to start a boom for gum right here on a high moral plane.

"How do you manage to keep awake all night long?" said I to a lady who has had to sit up beside a sick bed for many days and nights recently.

"I chew gum," she replied with a very serious air.

"Truly?"

"Yes—so long as you're chewing gum you can't go to sleep. Professional nurses have found out this virtue of gum, and I know from experience that, no matter how drowsy and weary I may be, sleep never overtakes me so long as I have gum in my mouth."

No particular kind of gum is described, and the chewing gum can be kept between watches in the usual handy places—on the back of the chair, under a mantel or behind the clock.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A Good Deal Like Some Grown Folks.

A friend of the Listener had a little colored servant boy whom he had brought from the Bahama Islands, and who has been reared, so far as he had been reared at all, in the simplicity of Primitive Methodism. The small colored boy wanted a jack-knife very much, and was overheard one night praying for one very earnestly. His master went to town next day, and on his return in the evening there was a jackknife laid on the boy's window. The boy discovered the knife promptly enough in the morning, examined it eagerly and exclaimed softly with an air of condemnation of his own stupidity, "Why didn't I pray for a two-bladed one?"—*Boston Transcript.*

It's a Way They Have.

A representative in the Nebraska Legislature writes to a Lincoln paper denying that he tried to blow out the incandescent light in his room, but admitting that he bathed his head with the contents of a hand grenade under the impression that it was bay rum.—*Chicago Journal.*

A Solid Showing.

The Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance company's forty-third annual statement contains figures that show the solidity and strength of that old, conservative and reliable organization. The company has $57,460,649 gross assets and a legal surplus of $5,565,079. There are 63,660 policy holders, insured for upward of $151,000,000. The premiums for the year were $4,436,285, and the company paid out $5,385,348, yet added three-quarters of a million to its net assets. These simple figures flurnish their own best commentary.

WANAMAKER TALKS.

He Tells a Friend How He Came to Raise the Money that Elected Harrison.

A Republican politician who will have much to do with President Harrison's administration, is reported to have said in Washington, the other day:

"Mr. Wanamaker isn't going to give you or any other newspaper correspondent an interview. He isn't the sort of man that hankers after notoriety, but he taked to me pretty freely the other day, supposing me to be a safe person, and it is such a simple, straight-forward story that I should rather like to have you publish it, provided you don't use my name, and you begin by saying that Mr. Wanamaker hadn't the least idea that he was going to be reported. It came from my thanking him, as every good Republican should, for the part he took in the late election.

"'I don't deserve any thanks for what I did,' he said. 'It was just one of the things that came to me to be done. When Quay sent for me I was surprised. I had no more idea what he wanted with me than you might have if he telegraphed for you. But I knew he was not the kind of man to send for me unless he had important business with me, so I went. Then he told me that the National Republican committee needed money, and his scheme for my raising it. I at first declined to have anything to do with it. I had very little hope of defeating Cleveland, and still less Mrs. Cleveland, who is justly popular with the whole country, and whom I admire greatly myself, and I didn't want to get on a sinking ship. He urged the matter, told me why he felt sure of carrying the election if he had money. Even then I hesitated, and asked three weeks for consideration. He agreed, and I talked with our leading manufacturers, men whose names are the best in the land. Such men as Washburne, and Amos Lawrence's grandson, and a dozen others I could name, men who would never have given a dollar for dishonest uses, even if I had been willing to ask it, and at the end of the three weeks I told Quay I would undertake to raise the money if he would allow us to establish a manufacturers' bureau and have a voice in the disposition of the money. I don't mean that we insisted on knowing what was done with every dollar of it. I didn't want to know. When I sell a suit of clothes I don't insist upon being told just where these clothes are going. My responsibility ceases when I furnish a good article at a fair price. What I did insist upon was that I should be able to satisfy the men who trusted me with their money that it was used for the purposes for which they subscribed it, and that guarantee Mr. Quay gave me. That is how there came to be a manufacturers' bureau. Now people are saying that I am to be paid for my services with a seat in the Cabinet, as if I went pay for doing my duty, or as if I would buy office. They say that was why I went to see Mr. Harrison. I went because Mr. Harrison sent for me, and I thought it only proper to go. But for that I should have sailed for Europe on Saturday to join my family. Personally, I would much rather have gone to see Mrs. Wanamaker. Now reporters are lying in wait for me all the time. I haven't anything to tell them, though I can't convince them of that. Mr. Harrison didn't tell me what he was going to do, and I didn't ask him. He isn't the kind of man to talk about what he means to do.'

"Several years ago, when a great deal of pressure was brought upon Mr. Wanamaker to run for Congressman at large, he said to me that he had no desire for office, and that everybody knows a winter in Washington would mean a considerable business sacrifice on his part—a sacrifice which he should not feel called upon to make unless he thought that the position was one in which he could really serve his country, and he did not think a seat in the House of Representatives came under that head. For my part I think a seat in the Cabinet does, and I hope he will have a portfolio; but nothing can make me believe that John Wanamaker is seeking office. If office is seeking him and he takes it, it will be a mighty good thing for the country; you may bet your bottom dollar on that."

STATE OF CROPS.

A Review of Their Condition—The Snow Fall.

CHICAGO, Feb. 26.—The *Farmers' Review* says: "The conditions affecting the winter wheat crop have not materially changed since our last report, save that many counties of Michigan and Wisconsin have received a covering of snow. Regarding a report that has been published, to the effect that the Hessian fly is doing much damage to the wheat crop, we find but one report of injury from this insect among the whole of our returns. The report of our responses relative to the condition of winter crop, as compared with an average, when summarized, give the following results:

"Illinois, per cent of condition as compared with an average, 89½; Indiana, condition, 89; Michigan, condition, 92; Ohio, condition, 93; Missouri, condition, 90; Kentucky, condition, 97; Wisconsin, condition, 88; Kansas, condition, 100.

Our inquiry relative to the per cent of corn-fed cattle which have been marketed, gives the following results, a summary of the complete returns from our correspondents: Illinois per cent of corn-fed cattle marketed, 60; Missouri, 70; Kansas, 53; Nebraska, 40; Wisconsin, 56; Minnesota, 43; Dakota, 68; Ohio, 63; Indiana, 59; Iowa, 46; Kentucky, 68; Michigan, 63.

A similar inquiry regarding the per cent of corn-fed hogs marketed gives the following results: Illinois, 80; Missouri, 78; Kansas, 69; Nebraska, 63; Wisconsin, 43; Minnesota, 49; Dakota, 73; Ohio, 80; Indiana, 85; Iowa, 70; Kentucky, 83; Michigan, 83.

FROSTED GRAIN.

From 40 to 90 Per Cent of It Will Sprout and Grow.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Feb. 26.—Prof. Green, of the State Agricultural College, has completed his experiments to ascertain the value of frosted grain for seed. His report shows that from 40 to 90 per cent of the total amount planted will sprout and grow.

He says that the experiments may be relied upon, and hereafter farmers may plant frosted grain with the assurance that it will grow, rather than run in debt for other seed.

Oliver Dalrymple, the bonanza farmer of Dakota, and the largest wheat grower in the Northwest, is inclined to believe that the experiment can safely be relied upon, and will test further on his 4,000 acre farm.

KNOW THYSELF.

The full capacity of the lungs is about 320 cubic inches.

The human skeleton consists of more than 200 distinct bones.

Each perspiratory duct is one-fourth of an inch in length; of the whole, about nine miles.

About two-thirds of a pint of air is inhaled and exhaled at each breath of ordinary respiration.

The weight of the heart is from eight to twelve ounces. It beats 100,000 times in 24 hours.

The skin contains more than 2,000,000 openings, which are the outlet of an equal number of sweat glands.

An amount of blood equal to the whole quantity in the body passes through the heart once every minute.

The stomach daily produces nine pounds of gastric juice for digestion of food; its capacity is about five pints.

A man breathes eighteen times a minute, and 3,000 cubic feet or about 375 hogshead of air every hour of his existence.

The average man takes five and one-half pounds of food and drink each day, which amounts to one ton of solid and liquid nourishment annually.

Two Birds With One Stone.

Mrs. Smith—How is it that you always have so much pin money, Belle?

Mrs. Jones—I see that my husband's clothes are kept well mended.

G. C.'S PERORATION ON G. O.

New York Tribune.

(Enter rabble of Democrats and Mugwumps. G. Clevelandius appears above.)

G. C.—Friends, countrymen, and the Old Roman, lend me your ears:
I come to praise G. C., not to bury him,
Though well I know that he politically
Hath both feet in the grave up to the knees.
Before I go away to practise law
(Where I'll give special care to pension cases),
I want to say a word about myself:
'Twas I was right—the people all were wrong!
(Exit part of the rabble.)

In every move I've made since coming here,
I have been right. I'm always right. Hear me!
When I have said a thing, a course announced,
A letter written, or movement made of any sort,
I have been right. It is a way I have.
And I am not afraid to mention it.
Free trade was right, though voters by the thousand
Thought not, and cast their votes accordingly.
(Exit more rabble—groaning.)

Misguided men, they know not what they did
When cast they from the Presidential chair
The greatest man that ever sat therein.
My tariff views were right—my vetoes right,
So were my treaties, so were all my actions.
Behold before you, The Man That's Always Right.
(Elevates nose and folds arms. Exit all of the rabble except three Mugwumps.

Yes, I was right—the people, sixty millions strong,
But showed, in voting as they did, that they were wrong!
(Disappears.)

First Mugwump—O, bitter shame, that he, so great, so good,
Should be the victim of a nation wrong!
(Dies.)

Second Mug.—Alas!
(Dies.)

Third Mug.—Yes, very true, alas!
(Looks around a little and also concludes to die.)

ANOTHER ROBISON CRUSOE.

A Man Lives Alone for Years on an Uninhabited Island.

A curious story has been told by Professor Lee, who accompanied, as naturalist, a recent expedition to the South Pacific ocean. Years ago the Ecuador government planted a convict colony on Charles island, one of the Galapogos group. The convicts revolted, killed the governor and escaped, leaving behind pigs, cattle, donkeys and horses. Since that time no one was thought to live there, and at Chatham island, another of the group, the exploring party were told that Charles island was entirely deserted. They were, therefore, rather surprised when they visited Charles island to come upon a man nearly naked, carrying a pig on his back. He was quite as surprised as they, and was at first in great fear, but they finally got him to talk. His hair and beard had grown to great length, and he had lost all notion of time. He said that some years before he had come from Chatham island with a party in search of certain valuable moss, that he had deserted his companions, who had gone off without him, and that since that time he had been alone on the island. He had lived on fruits and herbs, had captured wild cattle by setting traps for them, killed them with a spear made by tying his pocket knife to a stick, and from their hides made a hut. He was glad to see men again, and asked to be taken back to Chatham island, which was granted, of course.

Altered by the Servant Girl.

A high school girl's brother told her a new conundrum one day. It is this: "What is the difference between shooting a man and killing a hog?"

The answer was: "One is assaulting with intent to kill, and the other a killing with intent to salt."

When she met her friend Amy she propounded the conundrum to her, but Amy gave it up.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Mildred. "One is assaulting with intent to deprive of life, and the other is killing with intent to preserve in brine."

And Amy failed to see the point.—*Exchange.*

Death From Old Age.

The best death of all is a sudden death. Death by disease of the lungs is long, and the sufferings preceding it are sometimes intense. Death from the heart is short and sometimes painful; death through the brain is slow and dull, and of all the thousands of methods by which men go out of the world, none is more to be desired in every way than death from old age. The approaches of death are so gentle and the act of dying so easy that nature herself provides a perfect euthanasia.

Publishers' Column.

ANOTHER NEW PICTURE.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur.

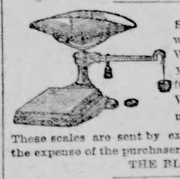
This wonderful picture, the masterpiece of the greatest animal painter the world has ever seen, has been on exhibition in nearly all the cities of Europe, and after being owned by A. T. Stewart and W. H. Vanderbilt, America's greatest millionaires, has now been placed on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

The spirit, action and strength here represented have never before been equaled on canvas, and the picture stands alone as the greatest and most life-like painting of horses ever produced. We are now handling a most exquisite reproduction of this painting (size 20x34) and not only does it rival the line engraving in clearness of execution but it also has all the tones and tints of the original painting. This masterpiece shoul be in every home as it is an art education to be able to see and study the figures, and no one should neglect this exceptionally advantageous opportunity of securing a copy of this wonderful and world renowned picture Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address, The BLADE, Toledo, O.

LADIES HAIR FRIZZER.

Cheapest price ever heard of. A beautiful nickel-plated hair frizzer (curling iron) sent post-paid by mail to any lady reader of the BLADE on receipt of 20 cents, or the same with Weekly BLADE one year for $1.10. We guarantee them fully equal to those usually retailed for 50 cents. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.



The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

STANDARD ATLAS OF THE WORLD

We have arranged to club this elegant Rand McNally & Co. publication with the WEEKLY BLADE. In these days a correct map of every country is more important for family reference than a dictionary. This Atlas, 22x14, contains on a large scale a map of every country in the world. Also engravings and colored diagrams. This Atlas is modern, bound n cloth and gilt; retails at $4.50. We will send the BLADE one year, and atlas, by mail, on receipt of $3.50. For $4.50 we will send atlas and two copies of BLADE one year. For $5.00 we will send atlas and three copies of BLADE one year. To those now taking the BLADE we will mail a copy of the atlas on receipt of $2.50. For a club of ten yearly subscribers and $10 we will mail a copy of the atlas free.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio. Also "Christ on Calvary," a companion picture, price 25 cents.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION
Over a Million Distributed.

L. S. L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company

Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868, for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its MAMMOTH DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all drawn in public, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

FAMED FOR TWENTY YEARS,

For Integrity of its Drawings, and Prompt Payment of Prizes,

Attested as follows:

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early
Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING,
At the Academy of Music, New Orleans,
Tuesday, March 12, 1889.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $300,000

100,000 Tickets at $20 each; Halves $10; Quarters $5; Tenths $2; Twentieths $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF	$300,000 is	$ 300,000
1 PRIZE OF	100,000 is	100,000
1 PRIZE OF	50,000 is	50,000
1 PRIZE OF	20,000 is	20,000
2 PRIZES OF	10,000 are	20,000
5 PRIZES OF	5,000 are	25,000
20 PRIZES OF	1,000 are	20,000
100 PRIZES OF	$500 are	50,000
200 PRIZES OF	$300 are	60,000
500 PRIZES OF	$200 are	100,000
	APPROXIMATION PRIZES.	
100 Prizes of	$500 are	$50,000
100 do.	300 are	30,000
100 do.	200 are	20,000
	TERMINAL PRIZES.	
999 do.	$100 are	$99,900
999 do.	100 are	99,900
3,194 Prizes amounting to		$1,056,800

NOTE—Tickets drawing Capital Prizes are not entitled to Terminal Prizes.

For CLUB RATES, or any further information desired, write legibly to the undersigned, clearly stating your residence, with State, County, Street and Number. More rapid return mail delivery will be assured by your enclosing an Envelope bearing your full address.

Send POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our risk) may be addressed to M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La. or M. A. DAUPHIN, Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.

"REMEMBER, that the payment of Prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courts; therefore, beware of all imitations or anonymous schemes."

ONE DOLLAR is the price of the smallest part or fraction of a Ticket ISSUED BY US in any Drawing. Anything in our name offered for less than a Dollar is a swindle.

40 Photos for cents, 10c. Ladies' Shields, 50c. Gents' 25c. Both, 50c. J. O. Hanson, Chicago, Ill.

10 CENTS gets for globe directions to enable ladies and gentlemen (into health and vigor. This process is simple, but so engrossing and peculiar. The most subtle and odd hazard are at the subject to its influence. Address GLOBE MFG. CO., 19 Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

THE STAR PROTECTOR for Gents; best rubber, pliable, safe and durable; 50 cts. each; 3 for $1. Ladies' pat. Shields, $1. Warranted satisfactory. Address Belay Rubber Co., Box 2826, Boston, Mass.

RUB BER ARTICLES for Gents, 30c., four, $1.00. Ladies' Friend, 30c., five $1.00; both, 50c. J. Bowers, 168 S. Clark st., Chicago, Ill.

SECRET SERVICE, MENTION THIS PAPER. CRIME. Detective Agency.
Address A. & E. SECRET SERVICE CO., Cincinnati, O.

DOLL PRAYERS.

A New York Girl Does Some Heavy Missionary Work.

There lives on Murray Hill a little girl whose four years of life within the materialistic influence of New York have not deprived her of belief in the efficacy of prayer. So, when Santa Claus gave her a big French doll with round blue eyes, she was appropriately grateful, and began her missionary efforts to teach the new-comer the American custom of nightly prayers. She was assisted in this by the doll, which in response to the pulling of a string would say, "Mamma" and "Papa." A few nights ago the little religieuse's mother found her kneeling beside her crib with Dolly in a corresponding position. The little girl was heard saying:

"Now, Dolly, say after mamma, like a good little girl."

Then she began: "God bless ——." At this point a jerk would be given to the maternal string and Dolly would continue, "Mamma." Then the prayer continued: "God bless ——." Here the paternal string would receive a pull and Dolly said "Papa." Thereupon the little one caught her plaything up in her arms, remarking:

"Dat's a good little girl. Fiorrie will save her from those bad Frenchmen."—*New York Times.*

FORTY-THIRD ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE Insurance Company OF HARTFORD, CONN.

NET ASSETS, January 1, 1888.		$53,128,263.55
RECEIVED IN 1888,		
For Premiums	$4,436,285.32	
For Interest and Rents	2,987,190 64	
		7,423,475.96
		$60,551,644.51

DISBURSED IN 1888.

For claims by death and matured endowments	$3,695,752.04
Surplus returned to policy-holders	1,109,957.77
Lapsed and Surrendered Policies	529,228.63
TOTAL TO POLICY-HOLDERS	$5,385,848.83
Commissions to Agents, Salaries, Medical Examiners' fees, Printing, Advertising, Legal, Real Estate, and all other expenses	664,385.24
TAXES	294,385.47
PROFIT AND LOSS	354,527.60
	6,699,144.64
BALANCE NET ASSETS, Dec. 31, 1888	$53,852,899.87

SCHEDULE OF ASSETS.

Loans upon Real Estate, first lien	$31,633,448.60
Loans upon Stocks and Bonds	894,133.00
Premium Notes on Policies in force	1,933,501.18
Cost of Real Estate owned by the Company	2,045,989.56
Cost of United States and other Bonds	9,849,575.34
Cost of Bank and Railroad Stocks	409,541.00
Cash in Banks	2,368,772.64
Balance due from Agents, secured	13,208.35
	$53,852,899.87

ADD

Interest due and accrued	$1,002,204.90
Rent accrued	11,852.79
Market value of stocks and bonds over cost	488,500.80
Net deferred premiums	105,481.44
	61,607,748.89
GROSS ASSETS, December 31, 1888	$57,460,649.20

LIABILITIES

Amount required to reinsure all outstanding Policies, net, assuming 4 per cent. Interest	$50,987,503.00
Additional Reserve by Company's Standard, 3 per cent. on Policies issued since April 1, 1882	299,970.00
All other Liabilities	908,016.61
	52,195,489.61
SURPLUS by Company's Standard	$5,214,709.59
SURPLUS by Conn. Standard, 4 per cent	5,565,079.59

Ratio of expenses of management to Receipts in 1888 ..... 8.96 per cent.
Policies in force Dec. 31, 1888, 63,660, insuring $151,961,913.00

JACOB L. GREENE, President.
JOHN M. TAYLOR, Vice-President.
WILLIAM G. ABBOTT, Secretary.
D. H. WELLS, Actuary.

A. K. WYLIE,
AGENT,
Hartford Building, Toledo, Ohio.

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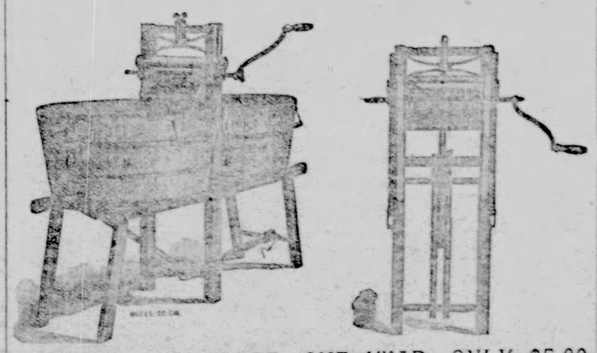
THE BLADE PERFECTION BENCH WRINGER.

ONLY PERFECT BENCH WRINGER MADE.



WITH WEEKLY BLADE, ONE YEAR, ONLY $5.00

The BLADE has just contracted with one of the largest manufacturers in the United States for several thousand of the best Bench Clothes Wringers ever made, for the readers and subscribers of the TOLEDO BLADE. These Wringers are to be made of the best known material, Cog (not friction) rollers, and constructed under the latest and best known patents. As stated at $12.00. It now retails for $7.00, but in contracting for large quantities we shall be able to sell them as cheaply as common tub wringers. Our price

With WEEKLY BLADE, One Year, Only $5.00.

These Wringers have double steel bow springs, hard wood, all metal parts, thoroughly galvanized, well made and nicely finished; it is guaranteed a perfect machine. We warrant every machine to be as represented.

The rolls are white rubber, vulcanized on the shaft, and are the best made.
The water from wringing can be made to flow into either tub instantly.
The only wringer that always wrings right-handed, as the crank can be attached to either side.
The strongest and firmest bench.
The bench and Wringer are combined.
The closest fold of any bench wringer made.
The operator can wring a handkerchief or quilt without readjusting.
The extra long crank, with cogs, turns one-half easier than geared machines generally.
The wringing can be done from one tub to the other without changing.
The tubs are not liable to be injured or upset.
We crate them nicely and ship by freight to any part of the United States. The purchaser pays his own freight, but as the weight is not to exceed 25 or 30 pounds the freight charges will be a small item. Address

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

National Normal University,

LEBANON, OHIO. Chartered by the State of Ohio to issue all Degrees and Diplomas conferred by Colleges and Universities. Twenty different departments in full operation. Forty teachers, selected from thousands, for special skill and adaptation. Last annual enrollment, 3,007. Table-board from $1 to $1.50 per week. Room, well furnished, from 40 to 50 cents per week. Tuition, $10 for ten weeks; if paid in advance for the year, 20 PER CENT. discount. $98 pays tuition, board, lodging for 40 weeks. THE BEST REVIEW SCHOOL IN THE LAND. It affords the most thorough and speedy preparation for teaching or any other profession or business. A SCHOOL OF METHODS, such as gives unparalleled success to those trained in them. 41 States and Territories represented last year. 50 Literary societies in constant operation, with no extra expense.

Colleges of Business, Shorthand, Typewriting, Telegraphy, Science, Liberal Arts, Law, Medicine, Music, Oratory, etc.

The most commodious and imposing educational building in this state. 15 dormitory cottages, with town boarding houses, afford abundant accommodations. At least 150 Independent Normals are now conducted successfully by graduates of this Institution. More and better work is done here in ten weeks than in most other schools in twenty. Over 100,000 of my students, in every business and profession, in all parts of the nation, are my vouchers. Circulars sent free. Special inquiries answered promptly. Address

President ALFRED HOLBROOK, Lebanon, Ohio.

One-third natural size.

OUR MANUAL OF EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN

For 1889 is the handsomest and most complete Garden Guide ever published. It is really a book of 140 pages, size 9x11 inches, contains *three colored plates*, and illustrations of all that is new, useful and rare in **Vegetables, Flowers, Fruits and Plants**, with plain directions "How to grow them," by Peter Henderson

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON, ... EDITOR.

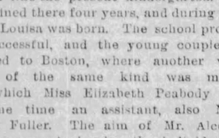
HOME TALKS.

MISS LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

The Children's Friend and the Author of "Little Women."

WHEN, a year ago, there was flashed over the country the tidings that the genial Concord philosopher, Bronson Alcott, had lifted the curtain of the unseen world, passed through, and it had fallen behind him, and a little later came the word that his daughter Louisa had followed so quickly that he could hardly have more than passed the boundary line, those who knew and loved them most could best realize what of good influence had gone from the midst of humanity. And yet not gone, for it lives still in the memory of the purity of their lives, the fervor and sweetness of their words, the largeness of their charity, and the tenderness of their hearts. It is a pleasure to recall them and their work—these two gifted people who cannot readily be thought of apart, so closely were their lives interwoven.

I like to think of brave



LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

there is something inspiring in the story of her life, so bravely faced in the beginning when its whole detail apparently was work of the hardest kind—work and oftsame-failure, bitter disappointment, and finally the grandest success. It merits the title of "grandest," because it means not only fame and money, but the gratitude of hundreds and thousands who, through her words, learned to look upon life hopefully and cheerily, meeting reverses when they come with the buoyant courage that sees possibilities beyond, just as she herself did, when the days were darkest. Not but that there were hours such as come to every human being, of despondency, but her faith in the ultimate good, to which she gave the expressive appellation of "grit," always brought her out again ready to take up her work and go forward unflinchingly. "So long as others need my effort" she would not be discouraged.

HER FATHER AND MOTHER.

Everybody knows something of her father, the most unpractical of business men but one of the gentlest, kindliest, and yet most manly of gentlemen. As a youth he is described as slender, with a thoughtful face and intellectual eyes which seemed to look farther than most people into a possible higher development of his race. He was by turns a clockmaker, a peddler, and finally a school teacher, who set about reforming the educational methods of the day.

Meanwhile in the small but brilliant intellectual circle already forming in Boston, where he was teaching, he met one evening, the beautiful, high-spirited Abby May, the idol of the household of her father, Colonel Joseph May, a prosperous merchant, whose daughter might be expected to mate with the highest in social position in the land. Nevertheless the young couple fell in love with each other, and in spite of all opposition were wedded, and an exceptionally happy marriage it proved to be, in spite of trial and sometimes privation.

The young couple first went to Germantown, near Philadelphia, where Mr. Alcott set up a school conducted upon a plan peculiarly his own, in which were principles much like the present kindergarten. He remained there four years, and during that time Louisa was born. The school proved unsuccessful, and the young couple returned to Boston, where another venture of the same kind was made, in which Miss Elizabeth Peabody was at one time an assistant, also Margaret Fuller. The aim of Mr. Alcott's teaching was to develop the individuality of each pupil. His religious views were not, however, in accord with those of the community, and when added to this, he took for a pupil a bright little colored girl, the measure of his offenses was full and the indignant parents withdrew their children and broke up the school. This was the first lesson Louisa, then a child of seven, received of the man-made inequality of the human family, and gave her the beginning of that sympathy with children which showed itself in her work in later years.

REMOVED TO CONCORD.

Then the Alcott family removed to Concord where lived Thorean who speedily became a warm friend, and a great favorite with Louisa. It was at this time that the Brook Farm scheme was developed, and Mr. Alcott undertook something of the same kind upon a tract of land purchased for the purpose by an Englishman. It was called "Fruitlands," and though Louisa enjoyed the experience while it lasted because of its novelty, she always saw its ludicrous side when older, and made a funny sketch of it entitled "Transcendental Oats." The experiment lasted less than a year, and the family moved back to Concord, into a cottage known as the "Hillside," and which was undoubtedly the home described in "Little Women," where Jo, Amy, Meg and Beth lived such busy, happy lives.

It was a pleasant place, afterwards purchased by the Hawthornes, and then the Alcotts moved next door into what has always been known as "The Orchards." Louisa became well known to all Concordians, for she was wonderfully active, and was flying hither and thither, "able to run faster than most boys," and therefore always welcome to share their sports. Her description of Jo applies to herself in those years. You will remember that she says of her: "Jo was very tall, thin and brown, and reminded one of a young colt, for she never seemed to know what to do with her limbs. She had a decided mouth and a comical nose, and sharp, gray eyes to see everything, which were by turns fierce, or funny, or thoughtful. Her long, thick hair was her one beauty, but it was usually bundled into a net to be out of her way. Round shoulders had Jo and big hands and feet, and a fly-away look in her clothes and the uncomfortable appearance of a girl who was rapidly shooting up into a woman and did not like it." She developed afterwards into, not a handsome woman, but one with strong features and varying expression, "a stately lady with thick, dark hair and clear-seeing, blue-gray eyes that often betrayed humor when her manner was grave and serious."

LITERARY WORK.

This began early. Her first attempt was in verse, when she was eight years of age, which she called "Address to a Robin." It began

"Welcome, welcome, little stranger,
Fear no harm, and fear no danger,"

and her mother, she says, tenderly preserved this effusion, assuring her if she kept on she might be a second Shakespeare.

Her ambition was thus fired and she did keep on, writing poems, upon all sorts of subjects, and then suddenly the story telling mania developed. Finally she began to write these out and illustrate them as she proceeded.

At sixteen her first book was completed entitled, "Flower Fables," though it was not published until several years afterwards. At sixteen, too, she began teaching a little school, introducing some of her father's methods, but though she seems to have been fairly successful, the work never possessed any great attraction. Finally she wrote a story which was accepted and paid for with the munificent sum of five dollars. Next year she wrote another for which she received ten, and later dramatized the tale. About this time also, she had a season of being stage struck, and concluded an engagement to play, but an accident happened to the manager, and the dream of dramatic glory ended.

The necessities of the family demanded constant exertion upon the part of Louisa. She tried sewing, teaching, everything to which she could turn her hand, until finally she decided to go to Boston and see if she could not earn more than a bare subsistence. A little outfit was prepared by the sisters, and then with twenty dollars, a brave spirit, sound health and indomitable courage, the girl launched herself into the struggle.

HER CAREER IN BOSTON.

Of the history of those years there is little record. We know that they were full of work, often uncongenial, always poorly paid. They were lighted, however, by some rare pleasures. Lucy C. Lillie says of them: It was during the time of intense struggle, just before the war, remember, and the society she frequented was vibrating with the great question which produced the struggle, and developed such men as Garrison, Parker, Phillips and Sumner; such women as Julia Ward Howe and Harriet Beecher Stowe." At Theodore Parker's where she was always welcome, she met all these people, and many more, and what a delight it was to the shy girl who sat in the corner and eagerly listened to what was passing. She was then writing or pouring out fifteen sensational stories a week for different papers, a thing which was exceedingly distasteful to her, and the relief of such pleasures could hardly be measured. Then there were always words of encouragement for the young girl, which would fire her anew with hope and ambition.

SUMMER PLEASURES.

In the summer time Louisa went home to Concord, and what a season of delight it was. The war had just broken out and men, women and children were fired with a desire to do something for the cause. In Louisa's mind was for ming a plan for hospital service, but meanwhile she took pleasurable part in the social pleasures of the neighborhood, made up of such people as the Emersons, the Hawthornes, and many others.

Julian Hawthorne, in his life of his father, speaks of these evenings when "everybody was trying his hand at making nonsense verses," in one of which, when the fun was at its highest, Mr. Hawthorne produced the following, aimed at Mr. Alcott's vegetarianism, agains which some of his family, among whom was Louisa, openly rebelled. This rebellion was, however, most good-naturedly regarded by their father. Here are the lines:

"There dwelt a Sage at Apple Slump,
Whose dinner never made him plump;
Give him fruits, potatoes, squash, parsnips and peas,
And some boiled macaroni, without any cheese,
And a plate of raw apples, to hold on his knees,
And a glass of sweet cider, to wash down all these,
And he'd prate of the spirit as long as you'd please,
This airy Sage of Apple Slump."

We can easily imagine the merriment which this created even in that intellectual circle.

GOES TO THE WAR.

Soon after this Louisa went to the Washington Hospital as a nurse, and it was her own experiences there which made up her book, entitled "Hospital Sketches." These first appeared in a Boston paper, and were very popular. Upon her return, broken by a serious illness, she accepted the position of traveling companion to an invalid lady, and went to Europe, where she remained several months.

WRITES "LITTLE WOMEN."

The great interest of the people centers around the book which made her famous. It was in 1868 that the publishers, Roberts Brothers, asked her to write a good girl's story. Her prompt reply was that she could not, because she cared so much more about boys than girls, but if they insisted upon it, she would prove to them that she was right by writing of the only girls she knew anything about, and those were her sister and herself. In about two months the story was sent to the publishers. It is said that one of the firm took it home and gave it to his own little girl of twelve to read, watching her from behind a newspaper during the reading. The young face showed the fascination which it possessed over her, and she could not be persuaded to leave it until it was read to the end. Her delight decided the question as to its acceptance, and it was given to the world, with what success the world knows.

HER AFTER SUCCESS.

From this time onward her literary career was assured. "Little Men" was delayed in publication until an edition of 50,000 copies could be made to fill advance orders. The books which had been previously published were issued and now found eager readers. Meanwhile she went on writing new ones, which never waited for a publisher. The fortune which she earned by these various works went beyond a hundred thousand dollars. They were reprinted in foreign languages and always met with success.

Miss Alcott never married. She once laughingly said that she was half-persuaded that she had a man's soul put by some freak in a woman's body, because "I have fallen in love in my life with so many pretty girls, and never once the least little bit with a man."

The greatest sorrow that ever came to her was the falling asleep, in 1877, of the mother to whom she had always been devoted. This was followed two years after by the passing ou of her sister May,—then married with a home in Paris, — who left to her, as a consolation, an infant daughter named Louisa May Nieriker. She also adopted the son of her widowed sister, Mrs. Pratt, and this her home was full of the merriment of the young.

She was yet in the prime of life when her pen was laid down forever, and she followed her father so quickly that she had not begun to miss his presence. There was sorrow in many households all over the land where her stories had moved to alternate tears and laughter, sorrow that they should read no more of the imaginings of her busy brain. She had lived a good, brave and true life—a life full of good work which has been an inspiration to many and many a boy and girl to the higher living that leads to spiritual blessings.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

A PRETTY AND USEFUL TOWEL RACK.—Get a common rolling pin and three quarters yard telegraph or clothes-line wire. Get a mechanic to bend the wire so as to suit the length of large part of pin, having the corners very true. The wire forms the rack by bending the ends of wire and inserting them in the ends of large part of pin. Bronze the wire and also the ends of pin, leaving eight or ten inches in center, to be covered with mole skin or Kensington painting. One yard of brass chain fastened to ends of large part of pin with round head tacks, also bronzed, and your rack is complete. If you don't paint it, cover the pin with some pretty colored silk, satin or velvet. You can use ribbon in place of chain. I painted a beautiful spray of fuchsias on cream velvet for mine. Fold the ends of cover under, overstitch neatly under side of rack. Two or three small hooks in large part of pin for buttons can be added. Itinerent's wife, Rowlesburg, W. Va.

TERRALINE WORK.—The materials required are: Boiled linseed oil and turpentine, about five cents' worth of each; some ground glue of the best quality, and whiting for the flowers and raised work. Glider's whiting is the best. You will also need leaf molds, such as are used in making wax flowers, acorns, prune pits, beans and other seeds you can often use.

We will begin with a picture frame. Have a plain pine frame made unplaned, as the mixture will adhere better.

For a frame seventeen by fourteen, three inches wide, allow one cupful of glue. Put this in a basin. Pour over it one cupful of hot water. Add a teaspoonful of turpentine. Place the basin in a pan containing boiling water. Set on the stove and stir until the glue is dissolved, then stir in whiting until it is so thick it will just run from the spoon. Be sure the mixture is free from lumps.

Set your dish on the table, taking the the frame in your left hand, place one side over the dish, and with your right hand spread the mixture on the frame not less than one-fourth of an inch thick. Spread it evenly but don't smooth it. When the frame is covered, with a knitting needle or small nail roughen the surface all over. Don't be afraid of getting it too rough, if the same degree of roughness is everywhere. While you are doing this keep your mixture hot.

We will ornament the corners with acorns and oak leaves. Take a little of the hot mixture out on a plate and mix in whiting until it is as thick as putty. Oil your leaf mould, take some of the thick terraline and press it into the mould, smooth off the edges neatly, remove from the mould and place on the corner of your frame, first putting on the frame a little of the hot mixture so it will stick readily. Place three leaves on each corner, not laying on flat, but lifting one side or curling a leaf a little here or there to make them look natural. Add stems by making tiny rolls of the terraline, and put the acorns in place. Three make a pretty group. If you haven't the moulds you can flatten the terraline and cut out the leaves the same as you would in making a flower, shaping them as nearly like nature as possible. Now keep your frame in a warm place for 24 hours, then apply one or two coats of shellac varnish. When this is dry your frame is ready for finishing, which you can do by applying diamond dye bronze, oil paints in natural or fancy colors or the different lustra colors or bronzes, any of which make a pretty finishing.

A vase covered with the terraline with a vine of ivy running around it, the vase painted a cream with the leaves in their natural colors, makes a handsome ornament, also one with apple blossoms, or a shaded blue back ground. Many ideas will occur to you as you work, as the terraline can be applied to glass, china, wood, in fact, almost anything.

Glass, or earthern ware should first be covered with a coat of common white paint put on roughly and allowed to dry before applying the terraline. A line of prune or plum pits around the outside or inside of a frame makes a pretty finish, white rosettes of them, or of seeds, are used in the corners in place of leaves. This is intended in answer to Mrs. M. A. Parker's request, although I hope it will be of benefit to others. If I have not made the directions plain, will answer any questions about the work. Have many different kinds or fancy work, for which will send directions if our editor wishes.—MRS. E. W. TRENHOLM, Saverton, Mo.

Send any descriptions of fancy work which you have, or anything useful for the HOUSEHOLD. They will be welcome.—ED.

KNITTING AND CROCHTING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t to o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c c st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

PRETTY LACE PATTERN.—Cast on 15 stitches; 1st row—k 3—o—n—k 3—o—k 1—o—k 6; 2d row—k 6—o—n—k 3—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 1; 3d row—k 3—o—n 2—o—k 6—o—k 6; 4th row—cast off 4—k 1—o—n—k 3—n—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 1; 5th row—k 3—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 1—n—o—n—k 3; 6th row—k 3—o—k 1—o—sl 2—k 1—pass the slipped stitches over the knitted ones—o—k 4—o—n—k 1.—MRS. F. H. CRANSTON, St. Charles, Ill.

NARROW CROCHETED EDGE.—Ch 24; 1st row—1 d e in 6th st—ch 1—1 d c in 5th st—ch 1—1 d c in 10th st—ch 1—1 d c in 12th st—ch 1—1 d c in 15th st—ch 2—1 d c in same st—ch 1—1 d c in 18th st—ch 2—1 d c in same st—ch 1—1 d c in 21st st—ch 2—1 d c in same st—ch 1—1 d c in 24th st—ch 2—turn; 2d row—6 d c under ch 2 of 1st row*—repeat from star to star 3 times—*ch 1—1 d c in d c of 1st row*—repeat from next to last star 4 times—ch 5—turn; 3d row—1 d c in d c of last row—*ch 1—1 d c in d c of last row*—repeat from next to last * to last * 3 times—*ch 1—1 d c in center of 6 d c—ch 2—1 d c in same*—repeat from next to last * to last * 3 times—ch 2—turn—repeat from 2d row.—"DAISY BLOSSOM."

CORRESPONDENCE.

ECONOMY IN HOME DECORATIONS.—I sometime wonder if the sisters who write asking information are all "well to do" except myself and a few well known to me. There seems to be so much anxiety to know just what is considered the latest fashion, where to get and how to use just what every one else has, that comfort is lost in appearances, and originality unknown. This lack of confidence in one's self seems widespread, as the many queries and sharp answers are seen in every paper and magazine one takes up. See how many ask about window curtains, mantel lambrequins, and many other things that add to the comfort and beauty of our homes. Now silk, velvet, plush, persian stripes, damask and velours, etc, are all beautiful and desirable. But is not the "beauty of fitness" sometimes lost sight of? Will they harmonize with surroundings, or will each pretty addition call for a dozen more until the home decorator is aghast at unexpected cost? When a lady takes time to write to a paper for advice, and waits to get it, it is tolerably conclusive evidence that she is counting the cost too closely to make mistake. But it seems to me if she can really afford to indulge her taste in any of these beautiful fabrics, there is small need of delay. Such ability argues a pretty long purse, and easy access to furnishing stores and "bargain" counters. What would I have then? I want dear Miss Bouton, at least, to take pity on those of us who are blessed with large tastes and limited means, and tell us what to get, and how to use fabrics that are pretty and inexpensive, that will turn homely into "homey" surroundings, whereby we may keep within bounds of our means, and our self respect. To be able to quote good authority is a very great help toward right doing, even when that consists merely in the best use of what is within us.

Now where shall shutter or blinds to windows are unknown and unneeded, and I am not ashamed to own my curtains are canton flannel. Their heavy, soft folds being shaded inside by full draperies of fine cheese cloth—trimmed, it is true, with handsome lace that cannot be duplicated, since it is the work of my mother's patient fingers. Some of my presses and closets are curtained with breadths of old cloth dresses cleaned, turned and embroidered with bright zephyrs in briar stitch, etc. I can't afford costly things, c I am trying to make a beautiful harmony with what I have. Won't some other sister speak out and keep me in countenance?

Poor "Ruth!" I wonder if she will ever dare to write again for the HOUSEHOLD? I wonder if she thinks she is behin t the world or ahead of it? Her religion of "Home and homefolks first" does not seem to be sufficiently in fashion to take well—with some people. Now, in the region where I live a goodly number of gentlemen—bachelors and otherwise—sojourn. I have found, much to my surprise, they are given to scanning the columns of the HOUSEHOLD pretty closely, and I am sometimes very glad the writers can't hear comments. Those articles on "Sunday visiting" have caused more discussion than seemed possible, and the decision of the majority is, "Ruth is right." One of these brethren read the communication of "N. D. Underhill," and proceeded to make a quiet little calculation. "Hum! an average of eighteen persons—won't count the dogs—to dinner and supper; 36 meals; lowest possible cost, 10 cents—$3 60. Probably if that sum had been used to hire a good seamstress, or kitchen girl, they might have had more quiet and comfort, more flowers and fragrance, less dirt, disorder and destruction, and perhaps less chance for those long nights of anguish for the mother. Where was that woman's husband while she was wading through the mud, any way?" No, thank you! When I have a wife and a home, I don't mean to run a 'free lunch' on Sundays."

Well, I mean to keep my storeroom just as well supplied as my circumstances will permit, but I don't care to have my hospitality or "Christianity" measured by the amount of its contents I can display, or the preparations I am able to make in view of the weekly visitation. And as to relegating my husband and little ones to the kitchen on Sunday morning for that meal that should be the freest and happiest one in all the week, I'm afraid I couldn't make it work! My pretty, gold-banded China is not a bit too good for my own family to use, and every day, too. The children who are accustomed to using nice things seldom break them. The destruction of your cherished treasures is due usually to the visiting youth who has been put off with tin plate and spoon as "good enough for children. It is a good thing to have "hubby" proud of our good management, but I manage to remember mine has the bills to pay.

I had a neighbor once who thought it her "Christian duty" to keep open house on Sundays. She was very busy with her preparations one Saturday, and as her two little children watched her hurried movements, the little boy said: "Sissy, don't you wish papa and me was company? Maybe mamma'd dress up pretty and cook good things for us?" "Yes," said Sissy slowly, "I fink dad'd be awful nice, but we's only home folks!"—TOM'S WIFE.

INQUIRIES.

Will Montana May send me a pretty carriage robe for baby's carriage in afghan stitch.—MRS. A. W. MILLER.

The pattern sent by our correspondent could not be used because it was written upon both sides of the paper.—ED.

Will some sister tell me what the words "cast off," in knitting, means. I am just learning to knit lace, and I am anxious to learn.—NEWCOMER.

I would like to ask what would be suitable for a graduating dress for a young girl who can not afford to spend more than $10 and must get something that can be worn again. Had thought dotted Swiss, worked with daisies like the apron Miss Bouton described, would be pretty. Does any one think it would, and will some one send me a daisy worked? I would like to make an apron and do not know how to make them. Will return postage. Address Box 51, Greenfield, Iowa.

My silver castor has been allowed to get tarnished till it is almost black. What will I have to use to make it as bright as when it was bought, if that can be done?—Gruenfield, Iowa.

I wrote once before for direction on making putty works, but did not see my inquire in the HOUSEHOLD, so will try again. Also how the molds are made for making leaves?—MRS. ELI CROSS, Dover, Mich.

Have any of THE BLADE readers any old magazines or papers they would send me? I find it so lonely here alone with the children. My husband is in Minnesota and will be for some time. Any cards the little folks have to spare would be thankfully received by the children. We all enjoy THE BLADE so much, and think it is the best paper in the world. I am trying to get others to take it. I hope some of the sisters will remember me with a few papers. I will pay postage.—MRS. L. W. DEMENT, Eagleville, Harrison county, Mo.

Can some one of the HOUSEHOLD tell me where I can get the story, "The Letter S, or The Jocelyn Sin?" Will be so glad to get it Will pay postage.—MOUNTAINEER.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

No one hereafter need make offers to the HOUSEHOLD of any recipes requiring a self-addressed and stamped envelope. If the recipe is good at all, it is good for the whole HOUSEHOLD, and must be sent for publication. This is a measure of self-defense, the confidence of the editor having been outrageously abused in this direction.—ED.

The lady who got white varnish upon a black cashmere dress can take it out by applying turpentine. Let it lay for an hour or so, and try with the nail to see if it is softening. If it is, gently scrape with a dull knife or a teaspoon until as much as possible is removed. Then place several thicknesses of paper under the spots; dampen a piece of the same cloth as the dress in turpentine, and rub until it is removed. It may take several applications, and if it does not remove entirely, try gasoline or alcohol. Gasoline will probably do it alone.—MONTANA MAY.

Tell the lady who asked how to build a house with three bedrooms, sitting room and kitchen, that our house is built in that way, is only 16x24, yet the rooms are all very good size, and every one likes the plan of the upstairs especially.—A SUBSCRIBER'S WIFE.

Can you not write a description to the HOUSEHOLD? It may help others.—ED.

Some time ago I saw an inquiry in THE BLADE for the sure cure of warts. Here is my remedy: Get 5 cents worth of fish oil, apply it three times a day or oftener, if convenient.—P. F. WAMBAUGH, Arapahoe, Neb.

I have some pretty lace patterns that I will send to THE BLADE, if the editor would like to have them.—MRS. ROSIE STETTLER, Oregon, Ill.

We shall be glad to have them, if not too long.—ED.

James R. Kern, Gays, Ill., can give "Meivina" information concerning a suitable German book.

He would like "Peter Piper's Peck of Pickled Peppers," or other "tongue twisters."

We wish to let all know who have so kindly sent our Sabbath school at Camargo, Tenn., good literature, magazines, papers, cards, etc., that they have been thankfully received and appreciated. We have received Sunday school literature from different places, and will still be thankful for any that may be sent to us. We have a very interesting Mission Sunday school. The people are quite poor and not able to take Sunday school papers that they ought to have.—MRS. MARGARET I. DELHAVEN.

The following way of cleaning ivory ornaments is said to be good: Ivory ornaments are quickly cleaned by brushing them with a new, not very sharp toothbrush, to which little soap is given; rinse the ornament in lukewarm water. Next, dry the trinket and brush a little, and continue brushing until the lustre reappears, which can be increased by pouring some alcohol upon the brush and applying it to the trinket. Should this have become yellow, dry it in a gentle heat and it will appear as if new.

RECIPES.

ABOUT SOUPS.—This being the season when mince pies, suet pudding, and such like heavy "goodies" are most in vogue, I want to send a recipe or two that will counteract too free indulgence of same:

Too few people consider the value of soups when considering "What shall the dinner be?" I have seen vegetables and meats boiled, lifted from the liquors, and then thrown away as worthless. It seems wicked waste to me. If it is not wanted that day, it can be saved until next day, reheated; milk, flour and seasoning added, and a delicious soup is the result. Good "stock" is always desirable, but sometimes it is not in hand, nor the materials to make it. So, if a quick soup is wanted, here is one way:

Put any bones and bits of cold roast on in some 3 qts. hot water. While it boils, wash, peel, and dice and add in order named: 4 medium-sized turnips, 1 carrot, 1 doz. potatos, 1 onion, (¼ head cabbage, if liked.) When vegetables are done, skim and—or better, strain the soup—set back on fire, add milk, flour, butter, etc. When it boils up, pour over sippet of toast, and you have a rich, nutritious soup that will do much to prevent prevalent kidney troubles.

SEVERAL THINGS.—If boiling water is poured over beans when putting them to soak, and warm water added as needed, it will be found an improvement. If more piecrust is made than needed at once, roll out till one-half inch thick, then roll up jelly cake fashion, and set in cool place. It will keep a day or two.

MOCK OYSTERS.—Made of deer or calf brains—Parboil, throw into cold water till whitened. Lay in till cool and dry, then divide into proper size with a fork, roll in beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs, or corn meal, and drop into boiling, salted lard. When brown and crisp lift out with wire spoon, and serve on toast.

If ½ pt. rich milk is added to 2 well-beaten eggs, then enough flour to make a tolerably stiff batter, with 1 teaspoonful baking powder, it makes a good substitute for eggs and cracker crumbs. Can be used for cold chicken, hash cakes, fresh boiled potatoes, apple fritters, etc. Place on folded brown paper placed in dripping pan, where they will dry and keep hot. A dusting of nutmeg is sometimes liked, salt, sugar, etc., used to taste.—JEANIE.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

AROMA, IND.
Perry Johnson
Lawton Johnson
Elbert Johnson
FORSYTH, ILL.
Archie Elder
Frankie Elder
LYONS, O.
Roy D Miller
Ruby C Miller
Archie T Miller
Mabel Hall
TIRO, O.
Paul G Craver
CROSSTOWN, O.
Ira Caldwell
Edward Caldwell
Lewis E Philip
Henry M Belt
George W Vearil
Frank Odell
Robert C Rowan
Allie Hutchinson
Henry Rowan
HILL CITY, TENN.
May Johnson
Kittie B Johnson
Maude Johnson
Clifford Johnson
Ella Blake
Mittie Blake
Eddie Blake
Lennie Hamill
Hal Hayes
Lulu Wagner
Rhoda Wagner
Jennie Ziegler
Mary Ludlow
Emma Ludlow
Mary Champion
Emma Hampton
Anna Bryan
Maggie Carter
Ida Carter
Flora Carter
Jennie smith
Leah Smith
Debia Moore
Laura O'Donal
Walter O'Donal
Lois O'Donel
Kate Brown
Samuel Brown
Allie Barber
Alonzo Smith
Lillie Hager
Ning Hager
Charlie Hartsel
ORLAND, IND.
Pearl Adams
Freda Adams
Earl Adams
BOLIVAR, ——.
Ollie Miller
Kittie Gelton
Naomi Tyner
James Enbody
Laura Adams
Della Striekler
Cora Tyner
Ella Welker
Wealthy Miller
Orpha Bone
Eddie Tyner
Daisy Elliott
Mertie Elliott
Lulu Striekler
Chesley Bone
COUNTY LINE, IOWA.
Alice Tinney
Cora Nelson
Cordelia Maring
Geneva Gardner
Laura Gage
Augustus Finney
Albert Robinson
BISMARK, D. T.
Louis Church
Michael Slattery
Willie Freedee
Wilson Kline
Louis Tyler
Piat Dunn
Cecil Taylor
Albert Fogerstrum
Robert Shoquest
Nettie Hayes
James Fortune
John McHugh
Roy Pennell
M Sophia Edberg
Louis Dubvin
Mike Rogoway
Harry Payne
Willie Gabel
Carrie B Dutton
Calvin J Dutton
Frank R Dutton
Roy McHugh
Addie Bandoin
Max Kupitz
Charlie Carlson
Hilma Nylen
Johnnie Peterson
Theodore Taylor
Fred Peterson
Eddie Haglie
Willie Moon
Clarence Negle
James Mayock
Joe Griffin
Eugene Smith
Taylor Simes
Johnnie Mayock
WATERTOWN, D. T.
Morris Smith
Fred Greenstet
GIRARD, ILL.
Della Duncan
Retta Terry
Doria Sloan
Ethel Garst
PLEASANTON, IOWA.
Freddie A Mark
PORTSMOUTH, IOWA.
Florence Zimmer
Bert Lawrence
Freddie Lawrence
Myrtle Zimmer
Albert I Zimmer
Clide Zimmer
Royal Zimmer
Albert Quick
GILA, ILL.
I U Mitchell
Elmer L Patterson
Charley Shumard
TRAER, IOWA.
Hattie Everett
Etta Calderwood
Stella Noll
Christina Hisbenthal
Hattie Davis
Willie Calderwood
VELETE, NEB.
May Miller
Charlie J Miller
Orvil B Wells
Della Miller
Cora M Schutt
Minnie Strato
Edna Irish
Sadie M Scott
John A Wells
Ora L Wells
Bessie W Scott
Mamie B Scott
Willie T Scott
Walter J Burton
Lizzie Vincent

Names this week, 158. Total 15,473.

The above embraces all names received up to February 21.

For the Young Folks.

WHAT THE BIRDS SANG TO NELLIE.

NELLIE V. BENSON.

A sweet little maiden ran over the hill
Where the strawberries grow, her small basket to fill;
The sun was so warm, and so tired she grew,
That she lay down to rest, and quickly the blue
Of her eyes was hidden by the lids, soft and white,
And lower, still lower, sank the soft curls of light.

Now, it happened that under a bush on that hill,
A wee little bird had her nest near the rill
That ran sparkling and chattering over the stones,
And in the maid's ear, with the sweetest of tones,
The bird whispered softly: "Sweet Nellie, my dear,
I know you'll not harm me, so I will not fear.

But when you arise please look where you step,
For my nest is quite near." Then a silence crept
Over Nellie. Then she dreamed. Such a dream as it was!
And the dear little birdie was surely the cause;
For she thought that she lay 'neath a large apple tree,
Where among the red apples were tiny birds, three.

And they sang her a song. Why the air rang again!
For the chorus was, "Peace, good will to all men;"
And they sang: "When the air is all frosty and cold,
And the shepherds are calling the sheep to the fold,
And gay Christmas is here, then the angels will sing,
But in summer we birds must make the woods ring

With this message of peace and of love." All was still,
And Nellie had waked from her sleep on the hill.
She saw the wee bird in its cosy nest warm;
She thought of her dream, so she did it no harm.
When she reached home that night and her mother she'd found,
She said: "Mama, Christmas lasts all the year round.

'Tis the angels in winter, the birds in the spring
But still it is always the same song they sing;
And whenever I list to a pretty bird's song
I will think what it means, and so do no wrong,
For though I have heard it again and again,
I know not that the birds sang, "Peace, good, will to men."

EDNA WITH THE RED CLOAK.

BY MARY E. B. MERRY.

ONE day the clock ran down, the kettle boiled over, and the careless maid broke a fine china dish. The shoemaker's wife began to cry and say: "There is no longer any good fortune in this world. Yesterday I stuck the scissors into my thumb, to-day the dishes break, and to-morrow perhaps the shop will burn down, and my Jacob will be killed. Then I shall die of grief, and my little Edna will be left alone in the world, with no one to care for her or see that she gets a good husband. How sad it is!" And she cried till the tears ran down her face, while the apple-pie in the oven turned black as a coal. So there was another misfortune.

Now the grapes had just been gathered, and Edna went that afternoon to carry some of the finest bunches to her good friend the Doctor.

Ronald, the Doctor's son, with his military cap and bundle of books in a long strap, stood at the house-door throwing pebbles at the pigeons. "This is a fine day," said he, gayly, "and to-night is Halloween, when whoever goes through the woods to the great rock by the withered pine and stays till the clock strikes twelve will hear her sweetheart coming after her." His eyes danced with mirth, but Edna listened quite soberly.

"I just would be a good thing to do," she thought to herself as she trudged off home ward. "Then the next time the bread would not rise, and my mother began to cry, I should say to her, 'Have no care about me, mother; I shall do very well with—'" And here she tried to think of a name to call him, but could not find one to suit her, so she thought:

"Never mind, if he has not a good one, and is not in every way kind and agreeable, I will not have one word to say to him. On that I am quite determined. 'There is no time like the present,' says the copy-book. I will at once set off upon my journey."

It was now near sundown, and the air was cool and chilly. She pulled her warm red cloak close about her as she walked along, and pushed back the pretty yellow locks that fell upon her shoulders.

As she went by Brian the butcher's, the yellow sheep-dog Guard came down the road. When the little girl approached, he thought, "She is all alone; I will take care of her." So he crossed the lane and walked along by her side.

"This is quite as it should be," said Edna to herself, "Now I am like Una with her lion." And she spoke kindly to the old dog, who wagged his tail and looked proudly at her with his honest eyes.

The road grew lonely as they went on, and they met but few travelers by the way.

First came a rough boy hurrying his cows home. He had spent too much time hunting for nuts, and now feared a beating from his master. "Come, Guard," he shouted to the old dog, who paid no heed to him but marched by Edna's side. So the boy with the cows passed on.

Next came a dirty tramp with a bundle slung over his shoulder by a stout stick. He had an evil face, and leering at Edna with an evil smile, he started to cross the road toward her; but Guard bristled up his hair, and opening his wide mouth, showed all his wolfish teeth, snarling at the same time in so frightful a manner that the tramp slunk back to his own side of the road, and went on, muttering with rage and darkly scowling.

Then came a great rattling of wheels as an empty market wagon came rolling on. The farmer had sold his apples and squashes for a good round sum that day in the city market, and was going home with a store of big silver dollars in the little canvas bag so carefully buttoned inside his coat. He was shouting some words of a song, for he could sing no more than a crow, but he roared:

"Hurrah! Hurrah! ring out the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! 'tis the flag that sets you free!"

The wagon rattled, the horses plunged awkwardly forward, and the driver, a red-faced, good-natured fellow, smiled and nodded at the pretty little girl walking by the way, and Guard growled softly under his breath as they swept rapidly by and were lost to view.

In the narrow wood road it was dusky dark, and the thick leaves rustled under their feet as they passed. A partridge, perched upon a low branch, flew up with a startled whirr at the approach of these strange travelers.

As they went farther into the woods it grew darker; the path grew steep, and she stumbled every moment over the projecting roots that lay in her way.

"No pains, no gains," thought Edna. "I will not go back now, at any rate."

At the top of a cliff, in a huge rough bowlder, stands the withered pine. It is a landmark for all the country round. Close by the great rock with Guard at her side, sat Edna among the drifted leaves. She leaned her head against the shaggy ruff upon his shoulder while he licked her hand once or twice, as if to say, "never fear; I'll take care of you."

Before them the face of the cliff opened seaward, where lay the black sea-marshes, miles on miles, while far away, where the dark ocean stretched out to meet the sky, flashed the red gleams of the great revolving light. Guard sat up very straight, like a soldier on duty, but Edna soon slipped down into her nest of soft leaves, and fell asleep as if she were in her little bed at home.

The shoemaker's wife had a great loaf of brown-bread and a pot of beans for supper that night.

"Where is Edna?" said father Jacob, as he looked at the blue plate and shining mug and the empty chair beside his own.

"The Doctor will bring her home in his carriage," said the wife. "They kept her to tea, no doubt. How glad I am she wore her blue dress."

It was far into the night when Ronald was awakened by his mother's shaking him, and holding a bright light in his face as she said, "The shoemaker's Edna is lost, and nobody can find her."

Down stairs he could hear Jacob's questioning voice, his father answering, and then the sobs and cries of the mother, who never stopped exclaiming: "There is now nothing more to live for! My Edna is dead—drowned in the river, with her beautiful new dress and gold chain. When the looking glass fell, I knew something was coming." And she screamed and cried and beat her hands wildly about, so that they had to hold her.

Then Ronald thought of the withered pine. Had she gone in all the darkness? So many times his mother had said, "A liar must be punished." And he had been sorry, and said, "I only said it in fun; I didn't mean it." He dared not tell his father or any one, and his teeth chattered with cold and fright as he stole softly out, seized the stable lantern, and set off on his dismal journey.

All the lights were out in the village, and as he went by Brian the butcher's the dogs set up a most dreadful baying, so that he ran as fast as he could into the wood beyond. There the darkness was still more lonely. Every rustle of the dead leaves by the side of the road made his heart throb hard and chokingly. He heard his own loud panting breath as he climbed the steep path, but he saw by the light of the lantern a little ball of red wool that had fallen from her pocket. "Edna! Edna!" he cried, as he reached the great rock. Guard barked and sprang up, wagging his tail joyfully, and beyond, half hidden by the fallen leaves, he saw the red cloak of the little maiden.

So Ronald with the lantern, Edna with the red cloak, and Guard the yellow sheep dog, all went home together.

And the shoemaker said to his wife, "Surely our trials are little and our blessings great." And she answered: "I am a very foolish woman. God gives me every day four times as many good things as I ask for."—*Harper's Young People.*

A T

The Pulpit.

TALMAGE ON DARK HAPPENINGS.

Why Do Useful Human Beings Die Young?—Why Do So Many Good People Have So Much Trouble?—Why Is There Sin in the World?—Other Problems.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 24.—Dr. Talmage preached on the subjects "Dark Sayings of a Harp." Text—xlix Psalm of David, verse 4: "I will open my dark sayings on a harp."

The world is full of the inexplicable, the impossible, the unfathomable, the insurmountable. We cannot go three steps in any direction without coming up against a hard wall of mystery, riddles, paradoxes, profundities, labyrinths, problems that we cannot solve, hieroglyphics that we cannot decipher, anagrams we cannot spell out, sphinxes that will not speak. For that reason, David in my text proposed to take up some of these somber and dark things and try to set them to sweet music: "I will open my dark sayings on a harp."

So I look out upon society and find people in unhappy conjunctions of circumstances, and they do not know what it means and they have a right to ask, Why is this? and Why is that? and I think I will be doing a good work by trying to explain some of these strange things and make you more content with your lot, and I shall only be answering questions that have often been asked me, or that we have all asked ourselves, while I try to set these mysteries to music and open my dark sayings on a harp.

Interrogation the first: Why does God take out of this world those who are useful and whom we can not spare and leave alive and in good health so many who are only a nuisance or a positive injury to the world? I thought I would begin with the very toughest of all the seeming inscrutables. Many of the most useful men and women die at 30 or 40 years of age, while you often find useless people alive at 60 and 70 and 80. Here are two men. The one is a noble character and a Christian man; he chooses for a lifetime companion one who has been tenderly reared, and she is worthy of him and he is worthy of her; as merchant, or farmer, or professional man, or mechanic, or artist, he toils to educate and rear his children; he is succeeding, but he has not yet established for his family a full competency; he seems absolutely indispensable to that household, but one day before he has paid off the mortgage on his house he is coming home through a snowy northeast wind, and a chill strikes through him, and four days of pneumonia end his earthly career, and the wife and children go into a struggle for shelter and food. His next door neighbor is a man who, though strong and well, lets his wife support him; he is round at the grocery store or some general loafing place in the evenings while his wife sews; his boys are imitating his example, and lounge and swagger and swear; all the use that man is in that house is to rave because the coffee is cold when he comes to late breakfast, or to say cutting things about his wife's looks when he furnishes nothing for her wardrobe; the best thing that could happen to that family would be that man's funeral; but he declines to die; he lives on and on and on. So we have all noticed that many of the useful are early cut off while the parasites of society have great vital tenacity.

I take up this dark saying on my harp and give three or four thrums on the string in the way of surmising and hopeful guess. Perhaps that man was taken out of the world, because he and his family were so constructed that they could not have endured some great prosperity that might have been just ahead and they altogether might have gone down in the vortex of worldliness which every year swallows up ten thousand households. And so he was beat while he was in his mind consecrated, and they were by the severities of life kept close to Christ and fitted for usefulness here and high seats in heaven; and when they meet at last before the Throne, they will acknowledge that though the furnace was hot it purified them and prepared them for an eternal career of glory and reward for which no other kind of life could have fitted them. On the other hand, the useless man lived on to fifty, or sixty, or seventy years, because all the ease he ever can have he must have in this world, and you ought not, therefore, begrudge him his earthly longevity. In all the ages there has not a single loafer ever entered heaven. There is no place for him there is no hang around. No in the temples, for they are full of the most vigorous, alert and rapturous worship. Not on the river bank for that is the place where the conquerors recline. Not in the gates, because there are multitudes entering, and we are told that at each of the twelve gates there is an angel, and that celestial guard would not allow the place to be blocked up with idlers. If the useless go early, rejoice for them that they have so soon got through with human life, which at best is a struggle. And if the useless and the bad stay, rejoice that they may be out in the world's fresh air a good many years before their final incarceration.

Interrogation the second: Why do so many good people have so much trouble—sickness, bereavement, persecution, while three black vultures sometimes putting their fierce beaks into one set of jangled nerves? I think now of a good friend I once had. He was a consecrated Christian man, an elder in the church and as polished a Christian gentleman as ever walked Broadway. First his general health gave out and he hobbled around on a cane, an old man of forty. After awhile paralysis struck him, leaving by poor health been compelled to suddenly quit business, he lost what property he had. Then his beautiful daughter died. Then a son became hopeless demented. Another son, splendid of mind and commanding of presence, resolved that he would take care of his father's household, but under the sweep of yellow fever at Fernandina, Fla., he suddenly expired. So you know good men and women who have had enough troubles, you think, to crush 50 people. No worldly philosophy could take such a trouble and make a tune on it on the violin or flute or dulcimer or sackbut, but I dare to open that dark saying on a gospel harp.

You wonder that very consecrated people have trouble? Did you ever know any very consecrated man or woman who had not had great trouble? Never. It was through their troubles sacrificed that they were made very good. If you find anywhere in this city a man who has now and always has had perfect health, and never lost a child, and has always been popular, and never had business struggle or misfortune, who is distinguished for goodness, pull your wire for a telegraph messenger boy, and send me word, and I will drop everything, and go right away to look at him. There never has been a man like that, and never will be. Who are those arrogant, self-conceited, cruel men who move about without sympathy for others, and who think more of a St. Bernard dog, or an Alderney cow, or a Southdown sheep, or a Berkshire pig than of a man? They never had any trouble, or the trouble was never sanctified. Who are those men who listen with moist eye as you tell them of suffering, and who have pathos in their voice and a kindness in their manner, and an excuse or an alleviation for those gone astray. They are the men who have graduated at the Royal Academy of Trouble, and they have the diploma written in wrinkles on their own countenances. My! my! What heartaches they had! What tears they wept! What injustice they have suffered! The mightiest influence for purification and salvation is trouble. No diamond fit for a crown until it is cut. No wheat fit for bread till it is ground. There are only three things that can break off a chain—a hammer, a file or a fire; and trouble is all three of them. The greatest writers, orators and reformers get much of their force from trouble. What gave to Washington Irving that exquisite tenderness and pathos which will make his books favorites while the English language continues to be written and spoken? An early heartbreak that he never once mentioned; and when, thirty years after the death of Matilda Hoffman, who was to have been his bride, her father picked up a piece of embroidery and said: "This is a piece of poor Matilda's workmanship" Washington Irving sank from hilarity into silence and walked away. Out of that lifetime grief the great author dipped his pen's mightiest re-enforcement. "Calvin's Institutes of Religion," than which a more wonderful book was never written by human hand, was begun by the author at 23 years years of age, because of the persecution by Francis, king of France. Faraday toiled for all time on a salary of £80 a year and candles. As every brick of the wall of Babylon was stamped with the letter N, standing for Nebuchadnezzar, so every part of the temple of Christian achievement is stamped with the letter T, standing for trouble.

Interrogation third: Why did a good God let sin and trouble come into the world when he might have kept them out? My reply is, he had a good reason. He had reasons that he has never given us. He had reasons which he could no more make us understand in our finite state than the father starting out on some great and elaborate enterprise could make the 2-year-old child in its armed chair comprehend it. One was to demonstrate what grandeur of character may be achieved on earth by conquering evil. Had there been no evil to conquer and no trouble to console, then this universe would never have known an Abraham or a Moses or a Joshua or an Ezekiel or a Paul or a Christ or a Washington or a John Milton or a John Howard, and a million victories which have been gained by the consecrated spirits of all ages would never have been gained. Had there been no battle there would have been no victory. Nine-tenths of the anthems of heaven would never have been sung. Heaven could never have been a thousandth part of the heaven that it is. I will not say that I am glad that sin and sorrow did enter, but I do say that I am glad that after God has given all his reasons to an assembled universe he will be more honored than if sin and sorrow had never entered, and that the unfallen celestials will be outdone, and will put down their trumpets to listen, and it will be in heaven when those who have conquered sin and sorrow shall enter, as it would be in a small singing school on earth if Thalberg and Gottschalk and Wagner and Beethoven and Rheinberger and Schumann should all at once enter. The immortals that have been chanting ten thousand years before the throne will say as they close their librettos, "Oh, if we could only sing like that?" But God will say to those who have never fallen, and consequently have not been redeemed, "You must be silent now, you have not the qualification for this anthem;" so they sit with closed lips and folded hands, and sinners saved by grace take up the harmony, for the Bible says "no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth."

But now I come nearer home and put a dark saying on the gospel harp, a style of question that is asked a million times every year. Interrogation the fourth: Why do I have it so hard while others have it so easy? or, Why do I have so much difficulty in getting a livelihood, while others go around with a full portemonnaie? or, Why must I wear these plain clothes while others have to push hard to get their wardrobes closed, so crowded are they with brilliant attire? or, Why should I have to work so hard while others have 365 holidays every year? They are all practically one question. I answer by saying it is because the Lord has his favorites, and he puts extra discipline upon you and extra trial, because he has for you extra glory, extra enthronement, and extra felicities. That is no guess of mine, but a divine say-so: "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." "Well," says some one, "I would rather have a little less in heaven and a little more here. Discount my heavenly robe 10 per cent and let me now put it on, a fur lined overcoat; put me in a less gorgeous room of the house of many mansions and let me have a house here in a better neighborhood." No, no; God is determined to rob heaven, which is to be your residence for nine hundred quadrillion of years, to fix up your earthly abode which you will occupy at most for less than a century, and where you may perhaps stay only ten years longer, or only one year, or perhaps a month more. Now you had better cheerfully let God have his way, for, you see, he has the throw. Taking care of folks for near seven thousand years and knows how to do it and can see what is best for you better than you can yourself. Don't think you are too insignificant to be divinely cared for. It was said that Diana, the goddess, could not be present to keep her temple at Ephesus from burning because she was attending upon the birth of him who was to be Alexander the Great. But I tell you that your God and my God is so great in small things as well as large things that he could attend the cradle of a babe and at the same time the burning of a world.

But I must confess I am a little perplexed how some of you good Christians are going to get through the gate, because there will be so many there to greet you, and they will all want to shake hands at once, and will all want the first kiss. They will have heard that you are coming, and they will press around to welcome you, and will want you to say whether you know them after being so long parted.

Amid that tussle and romp of reunion, I tell you that the hand of welcome you had better first clasp, and whose cheek is entitled to the first kiss. It is the hand and the cheek of him without whom you would never have got there at all, the Lord Jesus, the darling of the skies, as he criss out: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and the fires could not burn it and the floods could not drown it!" Then you, my dear people, having no more use for my poor harp on which I used to open your dark sayings and whose chords sometimes snapped, despoiling the symphony, you will take down your own harps from the willows that grow by the eternal water courses and play together those celestial sarys, some of the names of which are entitled "The King in His Beauty," "The Land That Was Far Off," "Jerusalem, the Golden," "Home Again," "The Grand March of God," "The Lite Everlasting." And as the last dark curtain of mystery is forever lifted, it will be as though all the oratorios that were ever heard had been rolled into one and "Israel in Egypt" and "Jephtha's Daughter" and Beethoven's "Overture in C" and Ritter's first sonata in D minor and the "Creation" and the "Messiah" had been blown from the lips of one trumpet or been invoked by the sweep of one bow or had dropped from the vibrating chords of one harp.

But here I must slow up, lest in trying to solve mysteries I add to the mystery that we have already wondered at, namely, why preachers should keep on after all the hearers are tired? So I gather into one grand sorrowful all the whys and hows and wherefores of your life and mine, which we have not had time or the ability to answer, and write on them the words "adjourned to eternity." I rejoice that we do not understand all things now, for, if we did, what would we learn in heaven? If we knew it all down here in the freshmen and sophomore class, what would be the use of our going up to stand amid the juniors and the seniors? If we could put down one leg of the compass and with the other sweep a circle clear around all the insect tribes, if we could lift our little cloudyards and weigh the throne of the Omnipotent, if we could with our seven-day clocks measure eternity, what would be left for heavenly revelation? So I move that we cheerfully adjourn what is now beyond our comprehension, and as according to Rollin, the historian, Alexander the great, having obtained the gold casket in which Darius had kept his rare perfume, used that aromatic casket thereafter to keep his favorite copy of Homer in and called the book therefore, the "edition of the casket," and at night he put the casket and his sword under his pillow, so I put this day into the perfumed casket of your richest affections and hopes this promise, worth more than Homer ever wrote or sword ever conquered: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter;" and that I call the "edition celestial."

A Strange Illness Taking Off the People in Kentucky.

A terrible disease made its appearance in Webster county, Kentucky, a few weeks ago. It raged disastrously for a time, and it was thought that it had spent its fury, as no new cases were reported for ten days. It has reappeared in more violent form than before. It has broken out near Dixon, the county seat, and nine new cases have developed near Free Union.

The malady is confined to a strip of territory bordering on a small stream called Crab Orchard creek. In one family of seven only the father escaped.

Up to the present only two have recovered from the disease, one of whom is totally blind and the other a cripple for life. Up to date there have been over 50 deaths.

Doctors have not been able to make a diagnosis of the disease. The majority are inclined to the opinion that it is cerebral spinal meningitis. The patient is taken with sharp pains in the spine, which soon reach the brain, followed by violent cramps and convulsions from which death ensues.

Heir to Millions.

Mrs. Betsy Gould, a colored woman 90 years of age who resides with her daughter, Mrs. Emma Rockford, in very humble quarters in Cleveland, Ohio, is said to be heiress to $10,000,000. A will that will place the inheritance in her possession was given to an attorney Wednesday. The estate comprises 1,757 acres of land, situated in West Virginia, Pennsylvania and South Carolina.

OLD RIP VAN WINKLE

went up into the Catskill mountains to take a little nap of twenty years or so, and when he wakened, he found that the "cruel war was over," the monthly magazines had "fought it over" the second time and "blown up" all the officers that had participated in it. This much is history, and it is also an *historical fact* that, during the same period, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery had become the most celebrated, as it is the most effective, Liver, Blood and Lung Remedy of the age. In fact, it is the only medicine for purifying the blood and curing all manner of pimples, blotches, eruptions, and other skin and scalp diseases, scrofulous sores and swellings, and kindred ailments, possessed of such *positive* curative properties as to warrant its manufacturers in selling it, as they are doing, through druggists, under a *positive guarantee* that it will either benefit or cure in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded. It also cures bronchial, throat and lung diseases. Even Consumption (which is Lung-scrofula) yields to its marvelous curative properties, if it be taken in time.

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$500 OFFERED for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

The Farm.

CORRESPONDENCE.

How to Raise Potatoes.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I see in THE BLADE that Herman Marrin wants to know how to raise potatoes. I will give him my way. I select good, either fresh or old ground, well manured, put it in good order. Then I take the smallest potatoes I can find, Early Ohio or Dunmore. Plant one in a place, 15 to 18 inches apart. As soon as big enough to plow, I thin out to three stalks and cultivate till potatoes begin to set. If the season is favorable, I will insure a good crop, or, at least, I have never failed. I have not tried late varieties, as I raise early altogether. To exterminate bugs use paris green.—C. L. GOUGH, Rock Spring, Missouri.

Girdling Trees.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—With your permission, I will give to the many readers of THE BLADE my experience in girdling trees, as I have always lived in thick timber until I removed to Iowa. As a rule, all the backwoodsmen, as people were called 35 or 40 years ago in Ohio and Indiana, used to have the best success in girdling trees in the month of August, when the sign was in the heart. I have girdled a great many acres of timber at that time of the year, and if properly done, on all the trees that were girdled in the forenoon, the leaves would be withered before night. None of the trees would ever put out again, except basswood or water elm, and but very few of them, though they are more apt to sprout out just below the girdle than any other kind of timber. Sometimes a sycamore would sprout out around the roots, but not often, if they are girdled in August. June is a very good time for girdling, but as a test, August surpasses that month very much. People who contemplate clearing a certain piece of ground in four or five years, would girdle the amount they desired to clear, and at the expiration of four or five years they would then have what they called a ripe deadening, and it would be easy to clear, for the timber would all be dead and dry and rotten, which would make it easy to burn. Girdling should be deep and leave no connection, or the tree will be very apt to live. Beach and hard maple do not require as deep girdling as basswood, elm or sycamore. If this doesn't tire the patience of our kind editor, I may come on some other experimental subject, for I am experimenting every year on something. The Farm Department of THE BLADE is my favorite department, although the rest of THE BLADE is not bad to take.—S. A., Burlington, Ia. [The above communication treats on a subject that will interest people living in a wooded country. His ideas are good, and we shall be pleased to hear from him again.—ED.]

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Noticing different opinions on corn-raising, I do not agree with the lister plan of fall listing or plowing here in the West. Having tried both the lister and planter to my heart's content, I find the planter to lead the lister here in every instance. Now, my plan is to plow the ground deep in April and May, harrow down well, then plant last of May and up to June 10. Take the cultivator, take off the front shovels and fasten the hind ones stationary the same width of the planter. Put this in the lead and follow with planter and harrow. I have raised 25 bushels per acre this way, when I failed to raise anything with lister, or common way of planting. Last fall I took careful pains to watch and inquire on my trips West and East, having traveled over 2,000 miles East and West with teem, and had a good chance to see for myself and learn what I could of practical farming; and in every locality I find the lister has failed last year, also fall following. My experience the last three years is that fall plowing will not do. It seems to kill the ground, or it dries out and will not produce. No two seasons are alike here. We are at a loss to know how to farm. Some light on this point will be thankfully received.—D. C. WALLACE, Zenobia, Kan.

Dehorning.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—No words of mine can express my disapproval of the cruel, more than barbarous, and unnecessary method of deborning cattle, and thus deprive them of nature's best ornament for the purpose of preventing injury to other cattle. I have had hundreds of cattle, and never dehorned one. To prevent injury to other cattle I have screwed on their horns brass knobs or oxeballs, which add beauty to the creature, saves cruelty, and loss of milk or flesh. I have put hundreds of pairs of knobs on them, sawed the horns even with the knob, and never afterward had one creature mark or mar another. Animal. I verily believe it removes crossness to a great extent, and certainly it removes cruelty or damage.—F. J. WOLCOTT, Toledo.

Dogs Eating Raw Eggs.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Put two or three eggs in the nest where he has before eaten eggs; then watch him, and be ready with a very hot egg, and, with his head over the nest, drop the egg in his mouth and clasp around the jaws. He will instantly take the pledge to never repeat the offense.—F. J. W.

Potato Culture—How to Destroy Potato Bugs.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In reply to Mr. Herman Marrin's request, will say that I have made potato culture a study for some time, and have made up my mind that the best and surest way of planting is to plant in rows so as to admit of plowing both ways. List with a common plow, the drop your potatoes. Now reverse your plow and cover the furrow. Then let it rest for three or four days. Then take a harrow and pulverize the ground thoroughly. I find that there is nothing better than Paris green and flour to destroy the bugs. One tablespoonful of Paris green to four quarts of flour are the proportions used. Dust over the vines when dew is on in the morning after the young bugs make their first appearance. Three applications during the season is all that is necessary.—MYRON D. WEAVER, Leaf River, Illinois.

Making Cheese.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some reader of the FARM who has experience, please give full directions for making cheese from the time the cows are milked till finished.—T. D., Wyoming.

Winter Pear.

EDITOR BLADE FARM: I have discovered a new winter pear on my farm in this county. This new pear is likely to prove of value and is quite handsome. It has also attracted much attention as yet, but tests recently make by the horticulture society of this county have demonstrated beyond a doubt that this new pear is destined to fill a valuable place in the pear family. The tree is hard and vigorous and an annual and prolific bearer. History and description—The only account as to its history is given by E. C. Martin, and from the facts thus obtained it is quite certain the pear is a seedling. Description—It resembles the Lawrence in some particulars. Flavor, very juicy and sweet; color, when ripe, bright yellow; time of ripening, March to April, and will keep till May in this climate.—THOS. B. THOMPSON, Kellogg, Kansas.

How To Make an Incubator.

EDITOR BLADE FARM: — In yesterday's BLADE I read the following: "We shall be pleased to hear from any one that has an incubator not patented; also anything connected with it." Well, I have an incubator, and it is not patented. I made it myself, and have connected with THE BLADE, for which it I found instructions given by Walter A. Rutledge, of Early, Iowa, how to make one. I followed his instructions to the letter, and produced an incubator that is the mother of chickens that are now laying eggs. It is in BLADE of May 20, 1888.—GEO. WOOD, 533 S. Erie street, Toledo. [As the incubator named is a success the plan of Mr. Rutledge is here re-published for the benefit of the many who have inquired how to make a cheap incubator.—ED.] To make an incubator to hold about 100 eggs, the egg drawer should be about two feet by three feet. To make the heater, take two boards two feet and ten inches long and seven inches wide, nail these together so as to make a box without bottom or cover. Now cover the top with flooring and the bottom with a sheet of zinc well nailed on. Bore eight half-inch holes in the top, about eight inches from either side and same distance apart, so there will be two rows of four holes each. Now make a hole in each side, about midway, four inches in diameter. Over this hole nail a piece of tin with a hole two inches across. This is for the pipe running from the lamp, and finishes the heater. Make the egg drawer the same size as the heater, but only four inches deep. This drawer has no cover, and the bottom is to be made of strips one inch wide and nailed crossways on the bottom one inch apart. On the inside of this tack an old coffee sack stretched tight. Next take two pieces half an inch thick and one inch wide and two feet and five inches long, and two pieces of the same material one foot and ten inches long. Nail these together so that in laying it in the egg drawer the frame will only be half an inch deep. Over this frame stretch a piece of good, new bleached muslin, very tight. The eggs will lie in this muslin. Now bore holes in the sides of the egg drawer just above this frame two inches apart and half an inch in diameter, and put pieces across the drawer to lay the eggs between. By moving this canvas backward and forward, the eggs can be turned. This finishes the egg drawer. Now make another box the same size as the heater, eight inches deep, with a tight bottom. In this bottom bore holes same as in the top of the heater for ventilation. This box is to be placed under the egg drawer and filled to within an inch of the top with saw dust. Now place the last box mentioned, two pieces two inches wide running crosswise and extending two inches on either side, being careful not to cover any of the holes in the bottom of the sawdust box. On this box place the egg drawer and on the egg drawer the heater with the zinc side down. Place the shaving between the egg drawer and the heater to give the egg drawer room to slide out and in easily. Now take two boards ten inches wide and nail to each side on both the sawdust box and the heater, and also a board on the back end. Now we have the incubator but it must be surrounded with eight inches of sawdust. To do this lay down two boards on the bottom cross pieces; these boards should be eight inches wide and three feet and eight inches long. Across the back end place another board in the same manner and build sides and end up eight inches above the top of heater, then fill with sawdust. Now go to the tinshop and get eight half-inch tubes, 16 inches long, and eight 7 inches long; also an elbow, 2 inches in diameter, one end 8 and the other 12 inches long. Put the short tubes in the lower sawdust box, and the long ones in the holes in the top of the heater, so that the lower end will come down to within an inch of the zinc bottom. Put the long end of the elbow through the hole in the outside box, which must be directly opposite the one in the side of the heater, and covered with tin in the same manner.

In order to save heat you can build a small box over the portion of the elbow outside the incubator and fill it with dirt. Put dirt around the elbow where it runs through the sawdust.

Place a lamp under the end of the elbow and shove the chimney as far up as it will go.

Do not put the eggs in until you can keep a uniform heat of 100 deg. to 104 deg. Keep your thermometer in the egg drawer, and sprinkle your eggs every day with tepid water. Turn the eggs twice each day.

I have sometimes made a door to cover the front, but an old piece of carpet hung over the front will do. I hatch about 80 per cent of my eggs.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Running Sore on Ox's Neck.

M. A. B., Maholm, O.: For your ox that has a running sore on his neck, and in which there is a pipe, examine it closely and see if there is not a hard, horny substance around the sore that has a leathery appearance, and inflamed ring around a whitish central patch. If you find this, take a sharp knife and cut the hard part out. If there is not a hard place, poultice the part with raw linseed meal, after which scarify the edges of the scar with a knife; also run the small blade of a sharp knife down the side of the pipe in about four places. Then syringe the pipe out well with chloride of zinc, 1 drachm; water, 1 pint. After this take of carbolic acid, 1 drachm; fresh lard, 1 oz., and flour sufficient to make a paste, and apply it to the sore, changing the paste on the neck once a day. By this means the sore will gradually heal up. Where a hard place is cut out the zinc injection is not necessary, but when a pipe has been formed it should be washed out. If it is down deep, it may be necessary to wash it out several times before scarifying or applying the paste. Feed the animal bran mashes to keep the bowels free. It should do no work until the sore is healed. A stifast is a hard thing to cure. The best way is to cut it out.

Sore on Underside of Eyelid of Cow.

T. F. M., Manchester, Mich.: We cannot judge correctly from your letter as to the real trouble with your cow. Is the wart-like projection on the lid, or is it in the corner of the eye? If the latter, it is an enlargement of the haw. If on the lid, it may be a cancerous growth. Without a personal examination, it would be impossible for us to say just what is best to do. In the absence of a full knowledge, we advise you to call a veterinary surgeon, as it may be necessary to cut the growth out if it be a cancer. If it be an enlargement of the haw (hook) or a wart, it will be safe for you to poultice the part two or three days with linseed meal poultice, then rub on this: Lard, 1 oz.; carbolic acid, 1 drachm, wheat flour sufficient to make a thin paste. If it were a dry wart it might be clipped off and afterward treated with nitrate of silver, but as it discharges pus, this will not answer.

Callous on Horse's Knee.

Z. L., Freedom, Indiana: As we understand your letter, your three-year-old colt struck his knee against a hard substance and a puff formed, which was opened, and healed, but a callous or hard skin is left. Rub in this: Iodine, 1 dr.; lard, 1 oz. This will last for several rubbings. Grasp the leg with the hand and press down and up frequently. This will assist nature in restoring the skin to its natural form. If a ridge or ridges have been left by the cutting of the knife, after there is nothing that will remove them.

Lameness in Pig.

Mary, Marysville, N. Y.: The medicine you gave your pig from a recipe in THE BLADE was beneficial to your pig, but it was not exactly what was needed. The washing with warm water and soap did no harm. It, as soon as it had been done, you had wrapped the animal with warm cloths until it was thoroughly dry it would have been a help. It is, no doubt, suffering from rheumatism, and perhaps became chilled after it was washed. The best thing to do now will be to keep the animal in a warm pen with plenty of bedding. Rub the joints of limbs two or three times with turpentine, and give in soft feed once a day half a tenspoonful of ginger and three grains of quhine. Continue this for three days, omit three days and repeat.

About Carp.

J. A. D., Putnam, Kansas: The way to apply for carp is to write to the superintendent of the Kansas fish hatcheries, to the congressmen from your district, or to the United States fish commissioner, Washington, D. C. The water oats you speak about is known almost everywhere as wild rice. Within a few miles of this city are thousands of acres of it. Wild ducks are very fond of it. Clear out all other fish in your carp pond; make a hole five or six feet deep in the center in which the carp may winter, throw some brush in the pond in two or three places, and sow seeds of splatter-dock, or wild rice, along the edges of your pond, let it run out several feet, so that the carp may swim about in it. Wild rice spreads, and will get too thick unless thinned out.

Carp Ponds.

J. F., Higgins, Texas: If you have a fish commission in your state you will be supplied by the proper officers. If not, write to your congressman or the United States fish commissioner, Washington, D. C. The carp will cost you nothing but the freight. See answer to J. A. D. about carp ponds in this issue. You will do well, having no trees about your ponds, to plant a couple of trees at the edge of your pond in the spring. Put them where they will throw a shade on part of the pond both in the forenoon and afternoon. Do not plow them so that the pond will be shaded entirely. The carp need sunlight. Carp were planted in the bay near Toledo a few years ago, and fishermen have recently caught quite a number of them in nets. They are parti-scale carp. They are not estimated highly here, but in a section where other fish cannot readily be had, they supply a want for fish. They grow and increase rapidly.

Chews the Manger.

G. W. G., Sandy Hook, Connecticut: Many horses will once in a while chew the manger, especially when suffering from a slight indigestive trouble. Proper feeding at regular intervals, and a bran mash twice a week for a month is a good regulator. When a horse has no hay in the manger, he will at times nibble the wood. Your description is too brief. Perhaps you have a crib-biter. This is a very bad habit. See recent number of BLADE on crib-biting.

Toothache in Horses.

W. H. B. Sebula, Pennsylvania: Yes, horses have toothache and suffer as acutely as man. Many a poor animal has suffered not only from toothache, but in addition has had to suffer from medicine given for bots, colic, etc. It may be detected by opening the mouth and looking on teeth that have black spots on them or that show evidences of decay. It will manifest itself at times by the slobbering of the horse or quidding while eating. It also shows itself at times in swelling or redness of the gum around the tooth. Veterinaries so netimes pull the tooth. If the tooth is hollow, laudanum poured into the cavity and inserted, will frequently relieve the pain. If the teeth in a horse are uneven, they may be filed so that he may eat properly. We are pleased to know that the "sentiments of THE BLADE FARM suit you in every particular." You are very correct when you say, "No farming without ground," and we may add that the best farmers have not learned how to do it by sitting in a cozy office and theorizing. They may not know all about the chemistry of plant life, but they do know what is beneficial to crops. Theorists are very good people in their way, but they are not the kind of individuals who haul big loads of wheat and corn, potatoes, fat hogs, and beef, and fine fruit to town of their own raising. Horace Greeley was a good farmer with his pen, but he was a little out of the way sometimes, practically. It is said he went to Indiana once to deliver a lecture on agriculture at a state fair. He spread himself on rotation of crops, told how to do it, but he was so entirely wrong that the farmers though he was joking, and they laughed heartily. Mr. Greeley could not understand what tickled them so when he was speaking on so important a subject to agriculturists.

Hock Joint Sprained.

MRS. M. B. M., Heyworth, Illinois: If the joint of your colt's leg is enlarged, there is no way by which it can be reduced. But we think this is not the case. The swelling is, we think, not confined to the joint, but to the surrounding parts. Try this: Iodine, ½ oz.; soap liniment, 6 ozs. Rub in well twice a day. Your other question has been referred to the "Question Bureau."

Indigestion in Mare.

M. P., Jagger, Ohio: Your mare has been suffering from indigestion. First see that her teeth are in order to masticate her feed. Give her a dose of 2½ drachms of aloes and an ounce of bicarbonate of soda in a pint of warm water. After this give for one dose twice daily for a week: Bicarbonate of soda, ½ oz.; powdered gentian, ½ oz.; nux vomica, 15 grs. Feed moderately, at regular intervals, nutritious food. Indigestion has been brought on many a horse by overfeeding at irregular hours. Give exercise and groom well.

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ficiency appropriation bill was considered until 2 p. m., when eulogies of the late Mr. Burnes, of Missouri, were delivered.

FEB. 25.—Senate—A number of light-house bills and other small measures were passed. Pension vetoes were read and referred. House amendments to Mrs. Sheridan's pension bill were agreed to. House bill to divide a portion of the Sioux reservation in Dakota was passed. The army appropriation bill was considered. Eulogies of the late Representative Burnes, of Missouri, followed.

House.—Filibustering was commenced by Mr. Bland (Mo.) to prevent consideration of the Cowles internal revenue bill. C. F. Bonner (Mo.) was sworn in to succeed the late James M. Burnes. The California election contest case of Sullivan vs. Felton was called up and filibustering resulted. Senate amendments to the agricultural appropriation bill were not concurred in. Roll-calls and calls of the House consumed the entire day.

FEB. 26.—Senate.—The bill for the relief of W. R. Wheaton and Charles H. Chamberlain, of California, was passed over the President's veto. The House amendment to the Senate bill making the pension of the widow of Major General Kilpatrick $75 a month, was agreed to. The army appropriation bill was passed, and the Senate proceeded to the consideration, by unanimous consent, of bills on the calendar.

House.—Three pension vetoes presented, read and referred. Senate amendments to bill to open a portion of the Sioux reservation non-concurred in. Senate bill passed to establish the Lincoln land district in New Mexico. Mr. Randall reported the sundry civil appropriation bill, the recommendations of the committee relative to the senate amendments were accepted and a conference ordered. The house then went into committee of the whole on the deficiency bill and passed it. Mr. Springer introduced a bill to admit the territories of Arizona, Idaho and Utah. Delegate Joseph introduced a bill for the admission of New Mexico.

THE DYING CONGRESS.

A View of the Unfinished Work Yet Before it, and its Chances.

The history of the 50th Congress has now practically been written; the few remaining days of its existence being by no means full of promise for the countless numberofmeasures that cumber the calendars. From this date up to the hour which the gavels of the presiding officers will simultaneously sound its death-knell, Congress is likely to achieve no important legislation except the enactment of the remaining appropriation bills and the adoption of conference reports on a few other measures which have already been substantially agreed to by both Houses.

In the Senate the Postoffice appropriation bill (the only one now in committee), will be easily reported and passed this week with little debate, except upon the reclassification scheme. The passage of the other annual appropriation bills will follow as rapidly as they are received from the House, and considered by the Appropriation committee.

Mr. Cullom is determined to press the Oklahoma bill for passage, but the fact that Mr. Butler has secured Mr. Platt's support for his substitute gives rise to an expectation that its course will be in troubled waters. Certain reports from the Public Land committee respecting lands in Kansas and Louisiana, will be urged upon the attention of the Senate by Mr. Plumb, and Mr. Blair stands ready to seize any opportunity for consideration of the measures relating to sectarian instruction in public schools and to woman suffrage.

But Mr. Hoar, feeling that he is carrying out the caucus mandate, will insist upon the continued consideration of the Southern election outrages resolution, yielding only to the appropriation bills; and, as the Democratic Senators have thus wisely changed their purpose to endeavor to indefinitely delay affirmative action upon this resolution, it is probable, as before stated, that little can be done by the Senate in the line of general legislation.

In the House of Representatives a corresponding state of affairs exist, as the result of entirely different causes. Tolnicco is the stumbling block here. Mr. Randall, having a report from the committee on Rules, providing for the consideration of the Cowles internal revenue bill at his back, is prepared to demand action upon it just as soon as the appropriations bills are cleared away.

The deficiency bill can be disposed of to-morrow, and the Indian bill, the last of the annual appropriation bills to come before the House for initial action, will be called up immediately afterwards, and passed, probably, with little delay. Then will come Mr. Randall's opportunity. But he fully expects that when he moves to consider the special order resolution, or to go into committee of the Whole, he will be met by filibustering. Just what will follow it is difficult to predict.

Beginning with to-day, it will be in order at any time to suspend the rules and pass any bill on the calendars.

So it appears that if Mr. Randall has a following of two-thirds of the House he may prevail against all opposition and pass the amended Cowles bill. If this should not be the case, then a dead-lock, like those which have already distinguished the House during the fiftieth Congress, must close its existence.

The appropriation bills are in fair shape, and there is every reason to believe that, with the exception of the river and harbor bill (which has failed in every short session during the past ten years), they will all have reached the President by next Saturday night.

CLEVELAND'S CABINET.

What the Members of the Present Official Family Will Do.

Secretary Bayard and his family will live quietly for awhile at their home on Highland Terrace, previous to their departure for Delaware.

Secretary and Mrs. Fairchild propose to take their leisure in the breaking up of their home, as the climate of Washington at this season agrees better with the latter than the severe cold of the North.

The Secretary of War and Mrs. Endicott will also linger in their present home, and so far no plans for the future have been arranged. Mrs. Endicott will probably remain until the early spring.

The Secretary of the Interior and his family have decided to remain until the latter part of May, when their present lease of house will expire. Mrs. Vilas being yet in a delicate state of health prohibits the necessary exertion attendant upon moving for the present.

The Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Whitney intend to follow their usual custom in respect to their spring plans, and will not go North until late in the season.

The Postmaster-General and Mrs. Dickinson will continue to occupy their home on I street for some weeks after the arrival of the incoming administration.

A Sad Duty for Grover.

During the last week of his stay in the White House the President will be a busy man. His work will be chiefly in examining bills sent from Congress. On Saturday 112 such bills were on hand for examination and the rush of the final days of Congress has not yet fairly begun. It has been the usual custom for the outgoing President to give a luncheon to his successor at the White House, on the afternoon of inauguration day, and then to take his leave. That custom will be followed on this occasion. After the ceremonies at the Capitol and the review of the procession, Mr. Cleveland and the members of his Cabinet, Mr. Harrison and Mr. Morton, with a few of their most intimate friends, will lunch at the White House, and then Mr. Cleveland will say good-bye to his successor.

No More Confirmations.

The statement of Senator Harris, of Tennessee, on the 20th, that he would compel the Senate to vote daily on the proposition to go into executive session on nominations now hung up, has caused Republicans to solidify more than ever.

An informal conference of half a dozen of the leaders was held thereafter, and resulted in the fixed and announced determination of the majority to refuse to confirm any of President Cleveland's nominations now unacted upon, or any he may send in during the remainder of his term.

Mrs. Sheridan's Pension.

On the 22d, the House passed the Senate bill granting a pension to Mrs. Sheridan, with an amendment fixing the rate of pension at $2,500 per annum.

The Timber Report.

Senator Chandler's forthcoming report relative to timber cutting on Indian reservations in Northern Wisconsin will doubtless be devoted to the career and actions of Indian Agent Gregory, whose removal Indian Commissioner Oberly vainly endeavored to bring about through appeals to Secretary Vilas.

The report will recommend the passage of three bills introduced by Mr. Chandler. One makes it unlawful for any person to contract for or purchase any timber on certain Chippewa reservations in Wisconsin and Minnesota until allotments in severalty shall have been made to the Indians and approved by the President, and until the Interior department has made suitable regulations to protect the Indians in such transactions; another bill goes into details as to the manner of purchase, and the third prohibits any allotment under the general act of 1887, "unless the allottee desires and intends to make his home upon the land allotted to him, to cultivate the same, or to use it for grazing purposes."

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.

HARRISON EN ROUTE

From Indianapolis to the Capital—His Sunday at Home.

It had been the intention of the people of Indianapolis to give General Harrison a grand ovation on his departure from the Hoosier capital. The general, however, objected to any organized display and the programme was not executed.

Regardless of the determination to have his departure quiet countless thousands of citizens assembled around his residence long before the time for his start arrived. It was a good-natured crush, and Democrats alike with the Republicans cheered him as he left his home, so soon to assume the duties of chief magistrate of the nation.

Many buildings in the business portion of Indianapolis were gaily decorated with flags and bunting, while from the top of nearly every building floated the stars and stripes, in honor of the departure of President-elect Harrison. Quite a number of country people came in to witness the departure of the general.

Gen. Harrison's time was pretty well occupied with receiving the constant stream of callers who came to say good bye.

Although members of the family are more or less excited by the work in hand and the prospect of the trip, Gen. Harrison is outwardly as cool and collected as though he were just going off on a five days' hunting expedition instead of four years greatness and tribulation.

At 2:30 p. m., Monday, he left his beautiful home and was driven to the Denison House. Here he was met by George H. Thomas post, G. A. R., and escorted to the depot, where a special train was awaiting him.

Shortly after 3 o'clock the train steamed out of the station, and amid the screeching of steam whistles, the ringing of bells and the cheering of a mighty throng, Gen. Harrison bowed adieu to his friends and seated himself at the car window to watch the rapidly receding landscape.

The party consisted of the General and Mrs. Harrison, Russell Harrison and wife, Mr. and Mrs. McKee, Senator Saunders and wife, Hon J. N. Huston, W. H. H. Miller, Private Secretary Halford, the general's two stenographers and a few representatives of the Associated Press.

The presidential car is perfectly plain upon the outside save for its coat of fresh dark maroon paint. It is well lighted, seventeen windows upon each side, with a board observation platform at the rear. First there is a small smoking room; then a kitchen; nexcomes the dining-room, which is also a sort of sitting-room, and at night may be turned into a dormitory, in which ten persons may sleep, in the upper and lower bunks. Then there is a narrow passageway opening into the library, which is elegantly furnished with broad easy-chairs and a sofa.

The narrow passageway between the dining-room and the library is caused by a luxuriously furnished state-room, with bath attached. This state-room will be occupied by General and Mrs. Harrison on their trip. The finishing of the car is of antique hard wood. The carpets are of a light, cheerful color, while the curtains are of velvet, a maroon shade.

Gen. Harrison's Last Sunday Before Departing for Washington.

Gen. and Mrs. Harrison were among the first arrivals at the Presbyterian church Sunday morning, and soon after their appearance every seat was occupied.

The Rev. M. L. Haines took for his subject, "The Divine Presence," quoting from the last clause of the 17th chapter and 27th verse and the first clause of the 28th, of the Book of Acts: "Which he hath not far from every one of us; for in Him we live, and move and have our being." The sermon was eloquent to such a degree that there were few dry eyes in the audience.

ACROSS THE COUNTRY.

The Presidential Train on its Journey to Washington.

The first stop in Ohio was in Greenville, Darke county, which was reached at 5:43. Here another large crowd greeted the President-elect, who stepped to the rear of the car, but the stop was too short for speech-making.

Piqua was reached at 6:20 p. m. About 5,000 people had gathered here and kept up a continuous cheering.

Our Own Governor.

Governor Foraker and wife boarded the Presidential train here and found the General and his party just sitting down to supper. Governor Foraker rushed back to the General's car and brought the latter to the platform of the Maywood just as the train pulled out. The Governor called out, "This is our next President," and Gen. Harrison, bareheaded, bowed his acknowledgments to the cheering thousands as the train moved out.

The governor and his wife had dined, and while waiting for the general's party to finish their meal, the governor paid the press car a visit and was introduced to the correspondents, passing a quarter of an hour with them.

Ohio's Capital.

Columbus was reached at 8:15 p. m. The demonstration at this point assumed unusual proportions. At least one-fifth of the capital's 100,000 population was in the vicinity of the depot at the time the train arrived. The depot, one of the largest in the country, was almost filled an hour before the time for the train to arrive. In addition to the general crowd, several organizations came and pressed in. The Foraker club was about 300 strong, the Watch Commercial and West End clubs were over 100 strong, and the Harrison and Morton Glee club had about 100 in line. Before the train reached the depot it was impossible to get from point to point. The booming of cannon and the din of brass music, drum corps and yells greeted the Presidential train as it moved into the depot. There was no definite programme carried out. Less than fifty persons heard anything the President-elect had to say. The general talked less than five minutes.

After the train left Columbus, preparations were made for retiring. In Gen. Harrison's car the day had been a very fatiguing one to the President-elect, and the prospect of repose was more than welcome to him. Eight Columbus was reached, grandson Benjamin Harrison McKee and granddaughter Martha Harrison had already succumbed to the demands of kind nature, and were fast asleep, but baby Mary McKee was bright and alert to all that was going on, and greatly enjoyed the sights and sounds. In the station there was a demand for a sight of the favorite grandchild by many persons in the crowd, and baby Mary, the one representative of her generation, satisfied curiosity, as she was held up to the car window in the strong glare of an electric light and gleefully waved a bunch of roses in her hands at the admiring hundreds.

The new day had just begun when the train bearing President-elect Harrison and party left Dennison, Ohio. Orders were given by Superintendent Turner to not make any stops at points where it was probable crowds would congregate. In consequence the train ran through Steubenville, Mingo Junction and other towns only at a slightly reduced rate of speed, and the attention paid to its progress were few and feeble.

From Pittsburg to Altoona, the first division of the Pennsylvania road proper, was made without accident, save that 30 minutes on the last time was made up. An extra engine followed the official train in order to be on hand should No. 4 become disabled. There was no demonstration of any kind at Pittsburg.

The only persons in the train shed were railroad employes and a few belated or early passengers who chanced to be in or about the station.

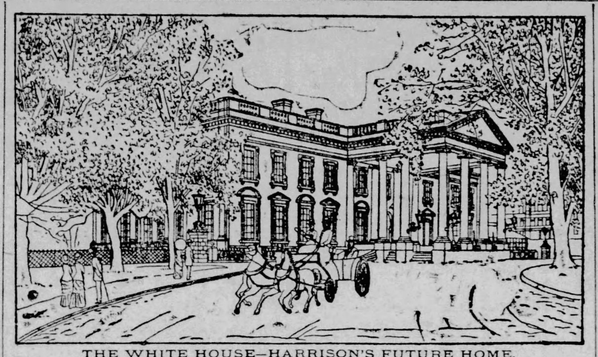
All the way up and down the mountain side into Altoona there was a race between the two sections of the train in which, as stated, the second or official section recorded a gain of 30 minutes of the time lost west of Pittsburg. It was a glorious run, and in the bracing air of the high altitudes it was thoroughly enjoyable by those who were awake.

The time gained in the run to Altoona yards was partially lost by thedelay occasioned in remedying a misfit of the couplers joining the first two cars of the train, and the Presidential section of No. 20 pulled slowly through and out of the station at Altoona at 7:15, 35 minutes behind schedule time, "just enough to make a nice run," remarked Conductor Lang. "We'll get there if the first section will keep out of our way." But that had been the trouble all the way from Indianapolis.

The first section would maintain its exasperating habit of blocking the road, but a change was promised here, and the lively rate of speed at which the run over the division was begun indicated that the promise would be kept.

No stop was made at Altoona, where the railroad shop hands were out in force along the tracks and several hundred citizens were gathered at the station to wave their greetings.

Russell Harrison, the last of the general's party to retire, was the first to make his



THE WHITE HOUSE—HARRISON'S FUTURE HOME.

appearance, just after leaving Altoona. He said, when informed of the request of the Pennsylvania legislature, that the schedule arranged for the train would not permit of any such stop at Harrisburg as the resolution contemplated.

Breakfast at 9 O'clock.

At 9 o'clock the day had fairly begun in car 120, and General Harrison and party had partaken of breakfast, whence they viewed the gathering of people at Mt. Union, Lewiston Junction, Mifflin, Newport, Duncannon and Marysville, as they sped along towards Harrisburg.

Superintendent McClellan's promise that the train should reach Harrisburg on time, was redeemed, the cars rolling into the depot promptly at 10:30, in the presence of a great assemblage of people who were kept outside the gates.

Pennsylvania Capital.

When the train came to a standstill, the general appeared on the platform and spoke as follows:

MY FRIENDS:—I want to thank you for this friendly demonstration. The state of Pennsylvania has an especial interest to me among the states. Not many miles from here, in one of your beautiful valleys, near the town of Mercersburg, was my mother's birthplace.

I am glad this morning to receive at the hands of my fellow citizens of Pennsylvania this cordial greeting. It is very pleasant to know that I shall carry with me to Washington the good wishes of so many people. [Cheers.] I thank you again for your friendliness, and will beg you to excuse the attempt to speak further in the midst of so much confusion.

Just as the train was pulling out of Harrisburg, a gentleman handed to Russell Harrison a beautiful floral basket of roses, with sprays of fuchsia and bunches of carnation pinks and hyacinths.

As the train left behind it the venerable city, where Gen. Harrison's grand-father was nominated for the Presidency, the general, Mrs. Harrison and the members of the family remained out upon the platform some little time.

Into Baltimore.

The train arrived at Baltimore promptly at 1:15 p. m. A tremendous crowd was assembled at the depot and thousands were on the bridges overlooking the Pennsylvania railroad tracks.

There was a stoppage of but a few minutes, for the purpose of reversing the train, and the Presidential party started on the last stage of its journey amid a storm of cheering, and arrived in due time.

ONE TERM.

A Belief That The Inaugural Will Be Pointed That Way.

President-elect Harrison is believed to have completed his inaugural address, and the most interesting gossip is in circulation among a select few, to the effect that in his inaugural the general will come out strongly in favor of the one-term idea.

Don't Get Scared Out.

The inaugural committee on Public Comfort, in answer to a large number of inquiries from all parts of the country, state for the information of the public that their resources are ample to enable them to provide with pleasant and comfortable lodging, with board, in the most desirable part of the city, all who may wish to attend the inaugural ceremonies. The prices range from $2 to $4 per day. While the committee has already provided for between 20,000 and 30,000 people, there is no lack of really desirable places, and at reasonable rates.

Thomas Will Not Be in the Cabinet.

Information received from Indianapolis, at Washington on the 21st, makes it entirely safe to say that Representative Thomas, of Illinois, will not be a member of President Harrison's cabinet.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

PIGOTT A FORGER.

He Confesses to the Forgery of the Letters Attributed to Parnell, Etc.

The Parnell commission resumed its sitting at London on the 26th. After the opening of the court, Sir Charles Russell arose and stated that on Saturday Richard Pigott went to the residence of Mr. Henry Labouchere and in the presence of Mr. George Augustus Sala, signed a confession, stating that the letters upon which the *Times* based its charges against the Irish members of the House of Commons were forgeries.

Sir Charles Russell applied for a warrant for the arrest of Pigott. Presiding Justice Hannen said a warrant would be ready on an hour. Attorney-General Webster, for the *Times*, said no other witness was ready, and that he would have to consider what course to pursue.

He would also have to decide whether or not he would resume any part of the case.

When Pigott was called to again take the stand he did not appear. After the court had waited for some time counsel for the *Times* stated to the judges that Pigott had left the hotel at which he was stopping at 11 o'clock the previous night, and that the counsel were ignorant of his whereabouts.

Pigott's Confession.

Piggott in his confession to Mr. Labouchere on Saturday, said that he forged all the letters secured by the *Times*, which purported to have been written by Messrs. Egan, Parnell, Davitt and O'Kelly. He also admitted that he had been guilty of perjury in his evidence given before the commission.

Mr. Soames, solicitor for the *Times*, emphatically denies doing anything directly or indirectly to assist Pigott to make his escape.

Pigott confessed to Mr. Lewis, Mr. Parnell's solicitor, that he was the forger. Messrs. Labouchere and Parnell, who were present when this confession was made, would corroborate this statement. On Saturday Pigott, without invitation, called upon Mr. Labouchere, and stated that he desired to make a confession.

Mr. Labouchere declined to listen to him unless witnesses were present, whereupon Mr. George Augustus Sala was summoned, and Mr. Pigott made the confession referred to at the opening of the court today.

Sir Charles Russell also said that whatever course was adopted by Attorney General Webster, he should pursue his own course, and should insist that the whole matter be thoroughly investigated.

Sir Charles Russell further said that Pigott, in the presence of Mr. George Augustus Sala, signed a confession that the documents he had produced were forgeries, and that he was a forger. This confession was sent to Mr. Lewis, on yesterday returned it to Pigott, saying that Mr. Parnell refused to have anything to do with him.

Mr. Soames was called and produced letters Pigott had written to him.

In one letter, dated November, 1888, Pigott complained that Houston, after informing him that the *Times* had agreed to pay him £50,000, refused to make such a promise. Pigott claimed that according to agreement his name was to be concealed, and he said if called as a witness he should refuse to testify.

The *Times* would see that Pigott was not harmed if he confirmed in court the evidence he had given Mr. Soames and afterward verified it under oath. Mr. Soames was unable to sanction giving Pigott money to enable him to leave the country, but he consented to pay him for loss of work, and he inclosed £10 in the letter.

Pigott replied that he had not relieved the *Times* from its obligation to maintain secrecy, and that he had not promised to testify. Houston had deceived Mr. Soames just as he had deceived Pigott. Pigott said he was informed that if he testified his opponents would produce evidence that would neutralize the testimony and endanger his life.

The commission adjourned, Attorney General Webster promising to announce to-morrow what course the *Times* would pursue.

Quiet at Panama.

Purser Kelly, of the steamer Colima, which arrived on the 21st at San Francisco from Panama, states that work on the canal is almost totally suspended. There are a few hundred men still employed, but chiefly to keep the machinery in order.

The Jamaica laborers are leaving the isthmus in great numbers. Although 5,000 men are idle no trouble is anticipated. At Culebra the Colombian government has a force of about 100 soldiers. An English and a French man-of-war lie at Panama.

THE FRENCH CABINET.

M. Tirard Has Succeeded in Getting a Ministry Together.

At the request of President Carnot, M. Tirard has succeeded in forming a Cabinet as follows: M. Tirard, premier and minister of Commerce; M. Constans, minister of the Interior; M. Bouvier, minister of Finance; M. Thevenot, minister of Justice; M. Fallieres, minister of Education; M. Faye, minister of Agriculture; M. Guesguyot, minister of Public Works; M. de Freycinet, minister of war; Admiral Jaures, minister of Marine; M. de Courcet, minister of Foreign Affairs.

The Paris press receives the new cabinet coldly.

GENERAL NEWS.

INDIAN TROUBLES.

The Indians in the Northwest Getting Ready to Take the War Path.

The excitement over the threatened outbreak of the reds on the border is growing hourly more intense. Dispatches have been passed between Gen. Ruger, at St. Paul, and the officers of Ft. Assinaboine and other posts near Missoula, Mont., in this neighborhood, and it is understood troops have been ordered ready to move at a moment's notice.

The Indians are all armed with Martini-Henry rifles, and if any outbreak should occur the whites are utterly defenseless. They are 120 miles from the Northern Pacific road at Ravelli.

At this time there is an abundance of snow and travel to the railroad would be almost impossible. They would be butchered before getting one-third of the way. In the summer they could take the steamer on the lake and thus escape. The men are prepared in a way to resist an attack if they can get their wives and children out of harm's way.

The Indians get their ammunition from the Canadian line, and are always well supplied.

Great excitement also prevails at Pocatello, Idaho, on account of the closing of all places of business on the reservation by order of the Indian agent, acting under orders from Washington.

THE CHEROKEE STRIP.

The Indians Will Dispute the Constitutionality of the Springer Bill.

A dispatch from Kansas City, Mo., states that F. P. Blair, the authorized attorney for the Cherokee nation, says: "If the Springer Oklahoma bill passes the Senate in its present form the Cherokee nation will dispute its constitutionality the moment the first settler makes his appearance on the land known as the Cherokee strip.

"Mr. Springer asserts that the Indians have no title to this strip, while at the same time he practically acknowledges their title by offering to recompense them for its loss by paying them $1.25 for the land.

"The Indians have refused offers of $9 per acre for the same land. The strip includes 6,000,000 acres. I will bring a suit in equity in behalf of the Cherokee nation against the first settler on the Cherokee strip. The suit will be brought in the name of Col Boudine and others on behalf of the Cherokee nation. The Cherokees have leased the strip to the cattlemen for $200,000 a year. It is too valuable a strip of property to be parted with without a struggle."

A DEMOCRAT SKIPS.

Another Treasurer Has Joined the Pilgrims in Canada.

James M. Lane, county treasurer of Pickaway county, Ohio, has absconded, and is a defaulter to the amount of $26,000 to $100,000. Lane left on Tuesday to visit his farm, twelve miles away, and was to return on Wednesday, but did not. Notice was given to his bondsmen, who took possession of the office, and began an investigation. Their count makes the shortage about $47,000. This has occurred since last September, when an examination was made. Lane said to have been irregular in his habits, and to have been a patron of buckeye shops. He has a small family. He was serving his second term, having been re-elected by the Democrats in 1886.

IN MICHIGAN.

A State Ticket in the Field—The Resolutions.

The Republican state convention was held at Detroit on the 21st. Judge C. B. Grant, of the Upper Peninsula, was nominated for Supreme judge on the first ballot. Regents Cocker and Draper were renominated by acclamation.

The resolutions adopted briefly set forth that the country is to be congratulated upon the victory achieved by the Republican party at the recent election; send greetings to President-elect Harrison; reaffirm the principles adopted by the Republican party in state and national conventions, and pledge fidelity to such principles.

LABOR TROUBLES.

The New England Shoemakes Abandoning the K. of L.

The widespread disaffection of the boot and shoe workers, attached to the Knights of Labor through national trade assembly 216, at the treatment they received at the hands of the general officers of the Knights of Labor, has culminated in a powerful movement in the larger shoe towns of New England to sever their connection of the trade with the Knights of Labor.

At a special meeting of the local assembly of boot and shoe workers of Dover, N. H., called to take action on the circular issued by Boot and Shoe Workers' National Trade Assembly No. 216, K. of L., calling upon all shoemakers under their jurisdiction to vote on the advisability of leaving the Knights of Labor and forming an international trade union of the craft, it was voted to withdraw from the Knights of Labor, and form a local union to be attached to the Boot and Shoe Workers' International union.

On Monday night a similar meeting was held by the boot and shoemakers, of Haverhill, Mass., with the same result as at Dover.

Committees have been appointed by them to issue circulars to all boot and shoe workers, calling on them to leave the K. of L. and form a trade union, and the resolutions adopted at their meetings will be sent to all local assemblies of shoemakers in the country.

Shutting Down the Mines so as to Push Up the Price.

The continued dullness of the anthracite coal trade has necessitated a further restriction of production. Saturday night the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Co. shut down operations at all of its eight or nine large collieries in the Summit (old Lehigh) region, which throws about 5,000 hands into idleness. The Reading Coal and Iron company gave notice last week that until further notice its collieries, now being operated on three-quarters time six days a week, will be worked only three-quarters time but four days a week.

These collieried, about 21 in number, when being operated to their full capacity produce about one-third of the total output of anthracite mined by the Reading company. All the other collieries of the company in the Schuylkill district have been idle since the 1st inst.

The Knights Will Have to Go Down in Their Pockets Once More.

General Master Workman Powderly, of the Knights of Labor, has issued another special call, the second in a year, for per capita contributions from members of the order.

THE WOOL TRADE.

The Market Quiet and Sales Falling Off.

The wool trade at Boston has been rather tame during the past week, and the sales foot up only 1,533,400 pounds, 988,400 of which are domestic, and 545,000 foreign. Prices show no material change, but an easier feeling has been developed on ordinary grades of domestic, which holders are anxious to close out. Fine fleeces are in very light stock, and are firmly held. Sales of Ohio X and XX fleece have been made at 33@34c, and No. 1 Ohio at 38c, which is the extreme price.

Michigan X fleeces sold mostly at 31@31½c, and this is a full rate for most of the stock offering.

Sales of Kentucky and Indiana unwashed have been made at 29@32c. Sales of Territory have been moderate at 16½@21c. California and Texas remain quiet, with very little offering. Pulled wool has sold freely at light concessions. Foreign wools were very firm. Australian was particularly strong, with liberal sales to arrive at 38@41c.

The Young Man Must Keep Sober or Lose His Rights.

The jury in the Barker will case, at Dover, N. H., on the 23d, returned a verdict sustaining the will. The estate is valued at over $1,000,000. Testator stipulated in his will that his son Hiram should receive $5,000 a year until death, provided he does not become intoxicated; that in ten years he may draw $250,000 and a like amount every succeeding ten years, but that in case he gets intoxicated he loses all.

The son contested the will on the ground that his father was unduly prejudiced against him on the question of his drinking and that he was mentally incapacitated at the time of making his will.

Robbers Stop a Train and Go Through the Express Car.

As train No. 17 left Pixley, Cal., on the 22d, five men boarded it, two went on the engine, and covered the engineer and firemen with revolvers. When about two miles from the station the train was brought to a stop, and the other three men entered the express car, and ordered the messenger to open the box, covering him with revolvers. Dynamite bombs were exploded under cars, and during the excitement seven passengers ran toward the front. Two of them were shot. E. S. Bentley, of Modesto, was probably fatally wounded, and Charles Gilbert, of Poso, was killed instantly.

The train ran back to Pixley, where the news was left. The passenger coaches were not molested.

A Gigantic Flume.

The completion of the great flume which has been long building, was celebrated on the 23d, at San Diego, Cal., by speeches and a parade of citizens' societies, United States troops and National guard. The flume extends from the western slope of Cuyamaca mountains, where there is a reservoir at an elevation of 4,500 feet. Its length is about 50 miles. It cost $2,000,000. There are 350 trestle bridges and eight tunnels along the line, and nine million feet of lumber were used in its construction. The amount of water on hand is two billion, six million gallons, enough to supply the city and county four years without renewal.

Burned to Death.

A terrible explosion occurred on the 25th in a squib factory at Plymouth, Pa. Nine girls were burned to death and thirteen others seriously injured. The girls were engaged in making squibs for miners.

Thousands of People Ready to Flock Into Oklahoma.

A dispatch from the southern border of Kansas says, a train of between 50 and 100 Oklahoma boomers' wagons started down what is called the Texas trail from the vicinity of Hunnewell and Caldwell, on the 21st headed for the new territory.

There is also an advance movement from other points along the border. They do not mean this as an invasion, but simply want to be first to reach what they regard as the promised land, when it is opened up by Congress.

There are said to be over 5,000 people in the country immediately north of Oklahoma ready to cross the line the moment Congress gives the word.

Died in a Dental Chair.

At Norwalk, O., on the 21st, Miss Minnie Marseilles, a popular society young lady, met her death in a peculiar manner. She went to Dr. Gill's dental parlor to have a tooth extracted, and as the operation would necessarily be painful, the doctor administered chloroform. The tooth was extracted without trouble and the young lady, partly recovered from the effects of the drug, started to rise from the chair, when she suddenly sank back and expired without a groan. Medical aid was promptly summoned, but after two hours' work the physicians decided that she was past all earthly aid, her heart having been affected by the chloroform.

Fire in a Tunnel.

Tunnel No. 17 on the Cincinnati Southern road, near Sunburst, Tennessee, is still burning. The fire was caused by a freight train collision, by which a tank containing 2,800 gallons of oil was broken and set afire. Loud explosions are heard every few minutes indicating that the limestone, coal and woodwork inside the tunnel are combining with the flames to make the tunnel a wreck. Nearly all hopes are lost of subduing the flames, for it is evident that two twelve-inch coal veins are burning and may continue to do so for months.

The Government Will Not Permit the Timber to Be Stolen.

Between 30 and 40 million feetof valuable timber will be contested in the United States courts at St. Paul, Minn., in a few days. United States District Attorney Baxter has received an order from the Attorney General of the United States instructing him to bring replevin suits for about 30,000,000 feet of lumber cut on the Fond Du Lac reservation in Minnesota by the C. N. Nelson & Cloquet Lumber companies.

The cutting of the lumber has extended over a score of years, and the lumber cut has been sent down the river to Duluth and the Lake Superior mills. The total value of the product is estimated at $50,000.

Miners Object to Working Side by Side With the Chinese.

All the white miners, to the number of several hundred, employed in the Dunsmuir coal mines at Comax, British Columbia, have struck. The trouble arose from the employment of some Chinese at the mines. The miners demanded that the Celestials be discharged, which was refused. The whites are drinking and carousing and threaten to burn the Chinese quarters and slaughter the Chinese.

The local militia is held in readiness to move to the scene, and there are grave fears of bloodshed.

Confederates in Line.

The annual reunion and banquet of the society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in the state of Maryland, was held in Baltimore on the night of the 22d. Many distinguished exconferates were present, among them Gens. Wade Hampton, M. C. Butler, A. H. Colquitt, G. H. Stewart, C. M. Wilcox, P. M. De Young, B. T. Johnson, T. L. Rosser and Charles E. Hooker. The annual address was delivered by Gen. Thomas L. Rosser and his remarks were received with the greatest enthusiasm.

Louis Neebe Trying to Get His Brother Oscar Out of the Penitentiary.

Louis Neebe, of Chicago, brother of Oscar Neebe, the anarchist who is serving a fifteen-year term in the penitentiary for his connection with the Haymarket affair, is at Springfield, Ills., with a huge bundle of petitions, asking Gov. Fifer to commute the sentence.

The petitions are signed by hundreds of business men and members of the trades unions of Chicago. Many delegates to the state encampment of the G. A. R. signed the petition.

The New States Are Greatly Rejoiced at Their Admission.

News of the signing by the President of the bill making four new states was received in Minnesota with quiet satisfaction, and a telegram from Helena says all Montana is celebrating, but Dakota is really beside itself with delight. From every hamlet large enough to have a telegraph office comes dispatches expressive of a state of jubilation bordering on lunacy.

Gov. Larrabee's Case.

When the case of the state against Gov. Larrabee, of Iowa, indicted for libel was brought up in the District court at Desmoines, the governor appeared by attorney, who said his client courted the fullest investigation and would not seek or accept any technical advantage. He had been indicted, not as a person, but because he was the governor of Iowa and had circulated certain matters in the line of official duty.

Kansas and Nebraska Liable to Have an Epidemic.

A smallpox epidemic of considerable proportions has broken out in the southern part of Richardson county Nebraska, and across the line in Kansas. Between 20 and 25 cases are reported in the country some four miles south of Rulo. The disease is also said to be raging in Sac and Fox Indian reservations, near there, and the approaches to the city from the south are all guarded.

From Pimples to Scrofula

Psoriasis 5 years, covering face, head, and entire body with white scabs. Skin red, itchy and bleeding. Hair all gone. Spent hundreds of dollars. Pronounced incurable. Cured by Cuticura Remedies.

My disease (psoriasis) first broke out on my left cheek, spreading across my nose, and almost covering my face. It ran into my eyes, and the physician was afraid I would lose my eyesight altogether. It spread all over my head, and my hair all fell out, until I was entirely bald-headed; it then broke out on my arms and shoulders, until my arms were just one sore. It covered my entire body, my face, head, and shoulders being the worst. The white scabs fell constantly from my head, shoulders, and arms; the skin would thicken and be red and very itchy, and would crack and bleed if scratched. After spending many hundreds of dollars, I was pronounced incurable. I heard of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and after using two bottles CUTICURA RESOLVENT, I could see a change; and after I had taken four bottles, I was almost cured; and when I had used six bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT and one box of CUTICURA, and one cake of CUTICURA SOAP, I was cured of the dreadful disease from which I had suffered for five years. I thought the disease would leave a very deep scar, but the CUTICURA REMEDIES cured it without any scars. I cannot express with a pen what I suffered before using the CUTICURA REMEDIES. They saved my life, and I feel it my duty to recommend them. My hair is restored as good as ever, and so is my eyesight. I know of a number of different persons who have used the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and all have received great benefit from their use.

MRS. ROSA KELLY,
Rockwell City, Calhoun Co., Iowa.

The CUTICURA REMEDIES have permanently cured me of dandruff and facial eruptions when all other remedies had failed. For nine months my head has been entirely free from the slightest signs of dandruff, and my skin is as clear as when I was a boy.

LOU THOMPSON, New Britain, Conn.

Cuticura Remedies

To cleanse the skin, scalp and blood of humors, blotches, eruptions, sores, scales, and crusts, whether simple, scrofulous, or contagious, no agency in the world of medicine is so speedy, sure, and economical as the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most agonizing itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of every trace of disease, heals ulcers and sores, removes crusts and scales, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the greatest of skin beautifiers, is indispensible in treating skin diseases and baby humors. It produces the whitest, clearest skin and softest

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Cuticura Remedies

Terrible Blood Poison. Suffered all a man could suffer and live. Face and body covered with awful sores. Used the Cuticura Remedies ten weeks and is practically cured, A remarkable case.

I contracted a terrible blood-poisoning a year ago. I doctored with two good physicians, neither of whom did me any good. I suffered all a man can suffer and live. Hearing of your CUTICURA REMEDIES I concluded to try them, knowing if they did me no good they could make me no worse. I have been using them about ten weeks, and am most happy to say that I am almost rid of the awful sores that covered my face and body. My face was as bad, if not worse, than that of Miss Boynton, spoken of in your book, and I would say to any one in the same condition, to use CUTICURA, and they will surely be cured. You may use this letter in the interests of suffering humanity.

E. W. REYNOLDS, Ashland, Ohio.

I have been troubled with scrofula seven years, which first started on the top of my head, giving me infinite trouble, with constant itching, casting off of dry scales, and a watery liquid exuded from under the scales. I treated it for seven years unsuccessfully, and was unable to check it until I found your CUTICURA REMEDIES. One box CUTICURA, one cake CUTICURA SOAP and one bottle CUTICURA RESOLVENT completely cured me, my skin becoming perfectly clear and smooth.

S. J. DAVIS,
Artesia, Los Angeles Co., Cal.

I go Mr. Dennis Downing ten years better. I have dug and scratched for thirty-eight years. I had what is termed pruritis, and have suffered everything, and tried a number of doctors but got no relief. Anybody could have got $500 had they cured me. The CUTICURA REMEDIES cured me. God bless the man who invented CUTICURA. CHENEY GREEN,
51 Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Cuticura Remedies

hands, free from pimple, spot or blemish. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the CAUSE. Hence the CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every species of agonizing, humiliating, itching, burning, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations and 100 testimonials.

HANDS Soft, white and free from chaps and redness, by using CUTICURA SOAP.

STANLEY.

Letters Expected From Him at an Early Date.

Lieut. Baert, who was at Stanley Falls when Henry M. Stanley's letter to Tipp